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Christmas
1923

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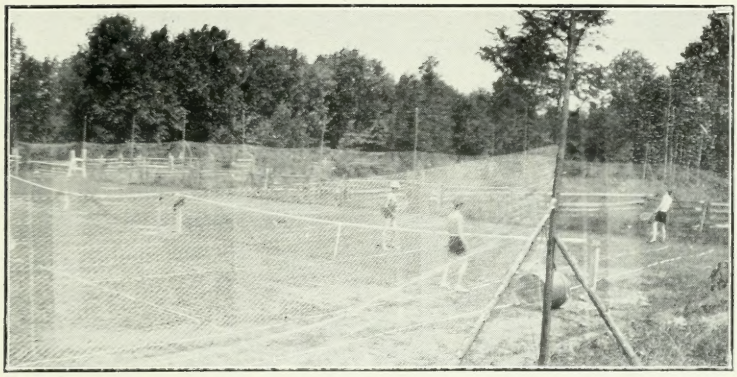

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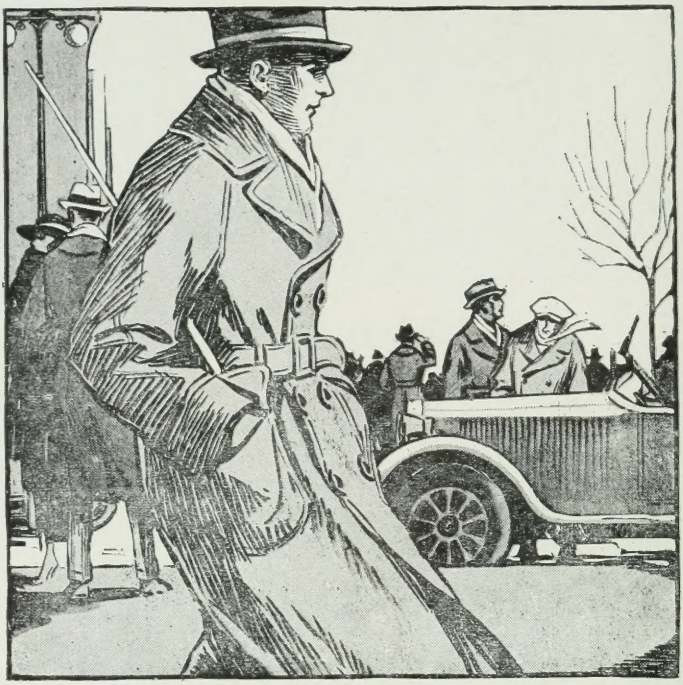

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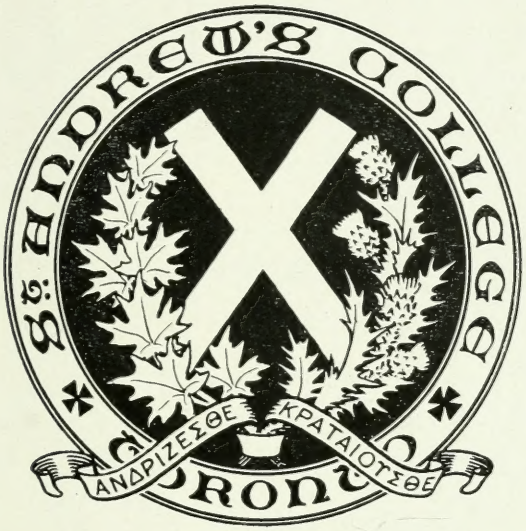

Christmas, 1923

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Issued by the Editorial Board
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

Christmas, 1923

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FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM, 1923—CHAMPIONS OF THE LITTLE BIG FOUR

A Christmas Message

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace:
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man.

—Whittier.

St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1923

EDITORIAL.

The first thing which calls for editorial notice is the excellent record made by Gilbert Robinson in the senior matriculation examinations last June. Robinson obtained first class honours in seven papers and second class in three. He did not apply for a scholarship but has received the Headmaster's medal which is given only in exceptional circumstances. We congratulate him heartily.

Then later, in July, Don Carrick greatly distinguished himself in golfing circles. Don won the Ontario junior championship and took a high place in the all-American junior matches. A presentation was made to him by the Scarborough golf club, to which he belongs. Three cheers for Don!

When school reopened this term all interest centred in the new school grounds. The York Mills property was being sold. What was to happen to the school? Rumour had its new location in many places between Toronto and Lake Simcoe. But we discovered later that a new site had been purchased, on Yonge Street, a little north of Aurora. These grounds have endless possibilities and are in many ways better suited for our purpose than those at York Mills. Rumour has at last fled before facts and the plans and arrangements for the new school are well under way. It is our ideal to have the new school home-like in character and, separated from the outside interests and distractions of the city, we confidently look forward to a development of community spirit which, coupled with the best in St. Andrew's College tradition, will prove of the greatest possible value to all future Andreans.

With reference to college tradition, that indefinable something which alone transmits college ideals from form to form and from year to year at school, it is a tradition of St. Andrew's College that her teams are

never beaten till the last whistle blows on the playing field. Heaven forbid that a school should win a coveted rugby championship and not mention it editorially! But merely winning the championship did not please St. Andrew's so much as to know that her team could come from behind at half-time and play against odds to win; and although the team had achieved its highest ambition, as a team, in victory, it will not soon forget how the school supported and cheered it on when defeat seemed to be inevitable.

There has been one addition to our activities this year. A riding school has been formed and under the leadership of Mr. Cousland, with the assistance of Mr. Bishop, it has proved a success. The exercise of riding is of great value to those boys who, for one reason or another, are not able to enjoy the advantages of rugby. For this reason we believe it will prove indispensable, but apart from that, it is also very popular.

We were very sorry to lose Miss MacCollum as our matron, and we welcome her back to the college though not in an official capacity. We are fortunate in having Mrs. Montgomery, who for many years has been pro-mater in the Lower School, to take her place. We welcome Miss DeVigne, as her successor in the Lower School. Nurse Meyers has found it necessary to leave us for the winter. We wish her an enjoyable trip.

And to all our readers, A Merry Christmas.

W. A. B.

THE NEW SITE AT AURORA

For some years friends of the College have associated the plans for new buildings with the fine site at York Mills, purchased for the College some twelve years ago. Shortly before school closed in June, announcement was made that the College had abandoned the idea of building at York Mills and had purchased a site at Aurora.

The new site faces on the West side of Yonge Street and borders on the North boundary of the town of Aurora, just 20 miles North of the City limits. It is composed of two farms, containing 219 acres in all and running back to the next concession. It has been purchased very reasonably, the price being a little over $100.00 an acre. The front portion of the property is on a level with Yonge Street across the whole frontage, with a nice stream meandering, in a northerly direction, across what will be the front playing fields with a special cricket wicket, which can be protected when not in use for cricket. This meadow extends west for almost a quarter of a mile, when an irregular hill intervenes, rising 40 feet. On this hill the buildings are to be erected, on a plateau affording ample room for buildings and half-a-dozen large athletic fields, which will be known as the Back Fields. At the rear of this plateau, an additional rise of 150 feet takes place, with level fields on the top before falling off gradually to the west. The Front Fields are studded with elm trees, with two or three acres of bush in one corner. The Back Fields are well outlined with shade trees, and the property is flanked on the north-west by a beautiful hardwood bush. Some ten acres of hardwood bush are on the west end of the North Farm.

It is interesting to note that in the vicinity of Aurora we are on the height of land. The Front Fields are 817 feet above sea level; the building plateau is 850 feet above; and the height of land on the property is 1,021 feet above sea level. The hills on the school property will offer every opportunity for skiing and tobogganing.

It is the intention of the Governors to commence building operations in the Spring, while work has been commenced already on the Athletic Fields, which will require very little grading.

There is an excellent gravel pit as well as a fine building sand pit at the rear of the property.

The buildings to be immediately erected are a Lower School, two Upper School houses, a separate Class Room and Administration building, and a Gymnasium, with the necessary heating plant. These will provide accommodation for 180 boarders.

At the present time five Old Boy Architects are working on a competition, with the expectation that the work of designing and erecting the buildings can be given to an Old Boy. It is also the intention of the Governors when awarding contracts to do everything possible to facilitate the work going to Old Boy Contractors.

There are two questions which will probably occur to our readers. The first is, why give up the York Mills site? One has only to view the rapid development of Toronto to the North since the completion of the new pavement on Upper Yonge Street, the reorganization of the Toronto Street Railway, and the construction of the great Yonge Street Highway to within two miles of Aurora to find the answer to the question. The City already is up to the York Mills site and is beginning to surround it. Under such conditions to make a large investment in buildings would not be wise, since it would only be a question of time before the school would be under the necessity of moving again. Hence the decision to go farther North, but not off the great highway. The site is all that could be desired. Aurora offers excellent water and good light and power facilities as well as the necessary conveniences of local shops. The school, while being sufficiently removed from the City for the sake of its work, will yet be within touch of the educational facilities for which Toronto is famous. Communication will be reasonably convenient, as two railroads pass through Aurora, and the Metropolitan Radial passes the gates of the College.

The second question is "What will become of the day boys?" There is no doubt that not many can be expected to go so far out, and that for some time at least the Day Boy attendance will be negligible. No one regrets this more than the Headmaster, for he has always found the Day Boys a good element in the school, and they have been equally Andreians with the Boarders, although not getting quite the same benefits as would have been the case had they been in residence. But St. Andrew's is first of all a Boarding School, and if she is to retain her identity as such, under the conditions of living which have come over our land within the last few years, she must move further out, and so the choice has had to be made.

Those who have studied the question and visited the site are unanimous in their opinion that the Governors are acting wisely, and confidently look forward to continued prosperity for the College in its new surroundings.

GOLF

By D. D. Carrick.

Golf is undoubtedly the most popular form of outdoor recreation. It is not a game which a young boy should choose to play at the expense of other sports, but as a pastime it is of incalculable value. It teaches one sportsmanship in the highest sense of the word, and how to accept victory and defeat alike with a smile. It is not a game that can be learned in a year or even ten, but it is a study of a life-time, which is never perfected.

It was only a few years ago that golf was first introduced into America. Before 1914 Canada and the United States were on practically the same basis with regards to the standard of golf played in each country. Then the Great War commenced and most of Canada's young men enlisted, a great many of whom were eventually killed. During the three years that the United States were neutral, her wealth was multiplying and incidentally a great many golf courses were built to satisfy the demands of the ever-increasing number of golfers. Young boys, now the leading players of the world, entered the game. Good professionals saw that it was to their advantage to stop teaching and to tour the country. Most of these soon became engaged by prominent clubs with the sole purpose of bringing advertisement—hence players like Hagen, Barnes, Sarazen and Hutchison.

There is a great difference between the American and the English courses. The constant fogs and changeable weather in England make conditions very different. The turf is very soft and spongy; thus the Englishman excels in pitch shots, that is, a shot which is played high into the air and does not run forward when it alights. On the other

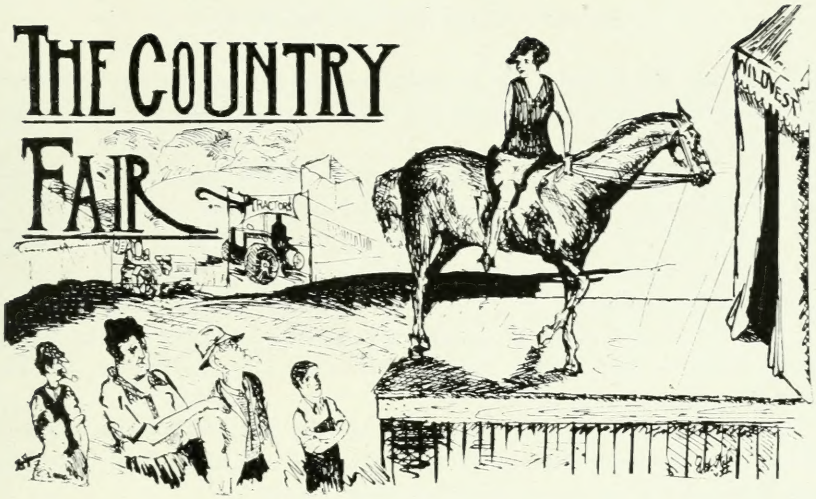
hand, the American courses are, for the most part, very hard, and to offset this condition it is necessary to build up the greens at the back, and to have the clubs punched or ribbed. Last year, when the American professionals crossed the ocean to play in the English Open Tournament, much to their chagrin and ill-fortune they were not permitted to use these clubs. This proved a great detriment, of course, but since that time golf has become so perfected by these professionals that the United States Golf Association has decided to adopt the English rules and prohibit the use of punched clubs during the year 1924.

America is generally thought to be a great golfing nation and to have more accomplished players than most other countries. When soliloquizing on the different styles in the United States, one is impressed by the great number of juniors who play with their right hand well under the shaft and use this as their hitting force. This is, of course, due to the influence of the baseball swing. In playing a shot they give one the impression of a smooth running machine. There is no doubt that the juniors of the United States are superior to those of Canada. This is only to be expected because of the great number of competitions which take place, and the much longer season in which to play. Juniors are encouraged to enter the game, while here, even to-day, some clubs forbid any boy under sixteen years of age to enter the premises.

Up to the present day, golf has been a game for the exclusive use of the wealthy. The price of shares for membership has always been high, and the game itself is expensive for the beginner. In return for this, however, one meets only a better class of people. One mingles with successful professional and business men and there is always that environment of worldly knowledge. As in other games, there are always some persons whose influence tends to lower the standard of the game. Most prominent among these are the ones who bet very heavily. This is far more noticeable in the United States than in Canada. Some people have been known to bet two hundred dollars on one hole—usually men with an abundant supply of money.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of George S. Lyon, "The Grand Old Man of Golf," and several other prominent men, the juniors in Canada are being encouraged. There has never before been a junior tournament in Ontario, and with more competition there is no reason why Canada, in future, should not be ranked amongst the great golfing nations of the world.

THE COUNTRY FAIR



By J. G. AULT.

Camping on the St. Lawrence River, ten miles below Morrisburg, always gives me a thrill for two reasons.

Ninety per cent. of this peculiar sensation is due to camping and its numerous activities, and the other ten per cent. is my usual visit to the Morrisburg Fair, the largest gathering in three counties as advertised on the bills.

This annual event is usually held on the first, second, and third of August, and I always choose the second day, which invariably attracts the largest crowds and the hottest weather.

Passing over the space of a few weeks, the second of August arrives, and discarding my camping clothes for more appropriate ones, I make ready to depart for the fair with a thumping heart and my mind full of silent expectations.

Arriving in the town you are almost stunned by the gaiety which meets you in the streets—flying banners and gaily-dressed people—but finally overcoming this mild stupor, you hasten amongst jostling crowds to the well-known fair ground. You await your turn in a long line and on getting tired you attempt to defraud the fair committee of their meagre sum for admittance and are caught trying to crawl under a fence which rips your clothes, and you are once more placed in a line twice as long to await your turn.

This time you stay there and finally arrive at your first attempted goal, purchase a ticket and are allowed to enter the paper-strewn grounds where you are left to your own resources.

No sooner had I entered than I was overtaken by a pretty girl who asked me to buy a tag and help the town hospital. Of course, I

bought a tag, not to help the hospital but to get acquainted with the girl, with whom I had a nice talk and then departed lest she should ask me to buy another one.

Upon inquiring from a nearby person about the hospital I was gently enlightened that the town had no hospital and was not likely to have one, which, of course, horrified me, and I determined that I would defy charity for that day and keep a close eye on the dimes with which I was so readily parting.

I now turned my steps to the midway which, I thought, should offer some attraction, and where the crowds were now gathering, for the shows were about to commence.

These attractions offered the people little or nothing for their money and were worth less, some of them being the two-headed cat and the six-horned cow, which were foolish beyond doubt.

I passed the first row of these shows in disgust and hoped that the wind would blow them away—but that, of course, did not happen. At last I came to the end of the midway and observed a huge tent with a large sign hung up in front upon which were the words, "Wild West Show." Just then a man emerged from within looking like a hobo, but I found out later that it was his costume which gave him this look. In his hand he carried a dangerous-looking gun from which he shot a few rounds, frightening everybody, much to my annoyance. He explained in a few words the character of the show and insisted that if you were not satisfied your money would be refunded, so I found myself one of the merry throng which made its way inside.

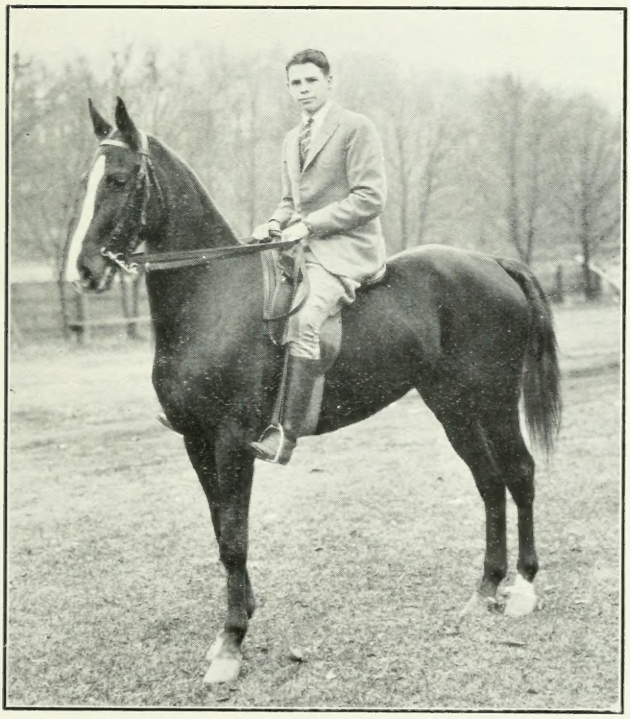
The interior was not out of the ordinary except for a few steeples which were at one end of the enclosure. The show then commenced, and to make a long story short, it was rotten and I hurriedly made my departure, not having enough nerve to ask for my twenty-five cents back. I now found myself hot and hungry, so hurrying to a nearby lunch counter I bought some diluted orangeade and an over-greasy hot-dog which, however, tasted very good, and I devoured the whole in record time.

After these light refreshments I felt much better and decided to watch the horse races, which were in progress now. Arriving at the grandstand I noticed that a race was just commencing, so looked forward to some entertainment at last.

The judges, however, were a stern lot, and the horses were brought back six times before being finally let go, and, needless to say, the race, which was the 220 trot, was done in $2.56\frac{1}{4}$, almost a walk. This state of affairs drove me to desperation, and leaving the race-track I made my way to a nice shady spot under a tree, where I sat down to enjoy a little relaxation.

The next thing that I recollected was being awakened by the groundsman, who asked me if I wanted to be arrested for being on the grounds after ten o'clock. This not only amazed me, but frightened me considerably, and with humble apologies I started to make my departure, the last words of the man being, "Good-night, Rip Van Winkle," and I laughed to myself as I realized how true they were.

On coming into the town again, I was lucky enough to get a ride back to camp, where, footsore and weary, I resolved that next year I would bring a pillow and a lunch-basket.



"GEE-GEE-OLOGY" AT S.A.C.

"... AND THY WAYS PAST FINDING OUT."

By Acland.

It was a frosty October morning when the sun was coming over the eastern side of the lake like a fiery sphere, catching the autumn leaves and glancing through the purple haze which hung like a pall over the 'lilies and wild-rice.

A pair of mallards flew swiftly side by side up the lake in search of a better feeding ground, the old drake slightly in the lead. Thinking he heard the call of a fellow, he answered with a few hoarse quacks and wheeled, his mate following close behind; just as he made the turn he caught sight of the Tyrant.

The Tyrant, a magnificent specimen of the bald eagle, desirous of obtaining a plentiful breakfast for his mate and himself, who guarded, and guarded well, that secret of theirs on the summit of that distant cliff whose white clay front glistened in the morning sunlight, struck well and true. For a second he held both ducks in his powerful talons, but with a scream of rage he was forced to let one go; this bird, terribly torn by those cruel, chisel-like claws, dropped like a stone, hit the water with a splash, and swam mechanically under a large clump of bull-rushes at the edge of the lake. Here at least was refuge from that dread demon of the air.

The Tyrant, realizing that in the meantime he was unable to reach the wounded duck, turned homeward where even the old drake alone would serve to lessen the hunger of his greedy brood.

The wounded duck in the reeds gradually became weaker and weaker until at last it passed on to the great feeding grounds.

A slight breeze started up, and the dead duck drifted out of her haven of refuge and drifted down until at last the torn body came to rest against an old moss covered log which jutted out of the weed-bed.

The Tyrant, returning in search of his wounded victim, quickly saw her inanimate body resting against the old log, and immediately his vulture-like mind became overcome with the thought of an easy meal, so overcome indeed, that losing his usual eagle-like sense of mistrust and caution, he wheeled and circled until at last he volplaned down on the old log.

Snap! with a scream of anger the eagle soared upward, but that terrible jerk accompanied by the tingle of a trap chain, served to remind

and convince him that he, the Tyrant of the Big Cliff, was a prisoner, and that he had alighted on a mink set.

It was no use, he fought and screamed but without avail, for had not he—the Tyrant—but a few moons ago made a feast of a young bear cub in just such a predicament over behind yonder bend under that old pine?

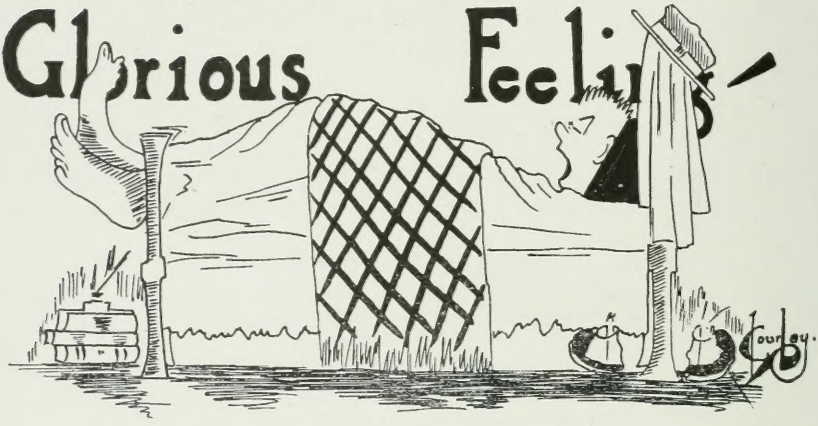
His screams and the flapping of those powerful but now useless pinions filled the noonday air, and the campers who were encamped just behind the clump of cedars into which the other end of the old log jutted, came bursting through the scrub to inquire into the unseemly row.

These hunters, professional men of a great metropolis who were in the wilderness for a holiday, for but a few days—only too few and too short they thought—had had their duck-shooting spoiled by the murderous attack on all duck-flights by a huge eagle, whom they nicknamed the Tyrant of the Big Cliff. They were indeed surprised to see the cause of their misfortune fighting at the end of a trap-chain.

A well-directed '22 put an end to the Tyrant's struggles, and one of the party, who happened to be a student of Divinity, walked along the log to pick up the eagle. He was surprised to see the mangled body of a mallard resting against the now blood-stained and feather-strewn log. His eyes were accustomed to the actions of these children of the wild, and they did not fail him, for he read in this simple tragedy of the wild a story of his own, and as he stooped to unloose the trap-chain he recalled to his mind the words of St. Paul: "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out."

CHRISTMAS FROM A TURKEY'S POINT OF VIEW. TAILS I WIN . . HEADS I LOSE.

That Grand and Glorious Feeling



(With due apologies to C. Briggs.)

I have no doubt that many people have wondered what it is like to have "That Grand and Glorious Feeling." So in order to satisfy their curiosity, and also relieve my mind of a little superfluous knowledge, I have decided to give them some first hand information on the subject.

To begin with, have you ever had the sensation of walking off a football field with the crowds on the sidelines cheering you madly for some brilliant play which you have just made and incidentally won the game when everything seemed lost? Well! if you have I haven't. But I will try to explain it to you nevertheless.

As you walk off the field you have the feeling that you are walking on air, then as you come to your senses as you usually do when someone remarks: "Gee, I guess he doesn't feel stuck up, eh!" you begin to wonder about your best girl friend and what she will think when she hears of your great deed. Or if she is at the game how she will act towards you afterwards. Next you think of the fellow who has been running you neck and neck for the position which you have been playing. Well! you don't have to worry about him any more.

But the greatest time of all comes when you see your name at the

head of the prize list in your form. That is the time when you really have that "Grand and Glorious Feeling" chiefly for two reasons. The first being that you will not have to argue with Dad so much the next time you want the car, and also you will be allowed to go out to more parties and to stay out a little later than you usually do. The other reason being that the masters will treat you in a different way altogether when you spring a gentle surprise on them by informing them that you neglected to do your homework last night. For instance, instead of soaking you a couple of quarters they will probably give you only one or perhaps let you off with the promise to have it done next time.

Those are just a few of the times when you have "That Grand and Glorious Feeling." Then there is the time when you are called into the Headmaster's office and you begin to wonder whether it is for skipping those two periods yesterday, being out late last Saturday, or forgetting to join the Cadet Corps. But adopting the scouts motto of "Be Prepared" you begin to prepare some really amazing excuses, which, by the time you arrive at the office, are all firmly imprinted in your mind. Having waited outside the office for a few minutes which, to you in your frame of mind, seem like ten or fifteen, you are at last called in to your fate. You button up your coat as much as possible so that the dirty shirt which you have worn for a little longer than usual won't show any more than is absolutely necessary, and walk into the office to be asked in a deep and sonorous voice, "How does it happen that you neglected to be in the detention class yesterday when you had a mere matter of some two quarters?" The shock comes very near to causing you to forget that you are expected to give an excuse, but just in time you recover and with that lightning like rapidity which is too hard to explain you find yourself giving a very plausible excuse, which is accepted on one condition—that you work off the detention that afternoon, which you very readily consent to do. After the great strain which you have just been through is it any wonder that you feel like whistling and dancing as you again journey down the hall, which causes the other poor creatures who have been called to the office to look at you rather queerly and wonder what's wrong?

To those that have had this experience I have said enough, and for those that have not had the experience I will say this, "Stay at St. Andrew's College long enough and you will be sure to go through it unless you are mentally unbalanced."

KIRKLAND

THE SNAKE FARM AT SAO PAULO.

By Murchison II.

Following the summer holidays, on the trip back to school, we visited the snake farm at Sao Paulo. This farm is financed mostly by Brazilian and Argentine millionaires, although it is supposed to be "run" by public charity.

The snake farm is not meant to be a place where people can come and go, look at the snakes, say something, and wonder why such a great deal of money is used to keep a few snakes. The farm is essentially experimental, and the work which is being done can hardly be realized by the people up here, who make a great fuss if they see more than three or four rattle-snakes a year.

In Brazil, where every few days you see a coral snake, cruz sojas, muerde del Diablo, or other poisonous snakes, the necessity of the farm is well appreciated.

When we arrived there I was rather disappointed as I expected to see huge boa constrictors hanging from trees, pythons swallowing sheep, and snakes crawling along the ground. Instead of this we saw a well-ordered farm, lots divided into well-regulated size and the model of cleanliness. Travelling with an American party I was the only one who could speak Spanish, and we thought we would have some difficulty in seeing the real farm, but the keeper happened to be Argentine, and a few words about our hero, Firpo, soon made him more companionable.

We first entered a building where were snakes preserved in alcohol, poisons, different effects of snake bites on the human body, and snakes' eggs. These are about the size of a chicken's, but their shell is quite elastic and can be formed in the most grotesque shapes.

Then we were taken into another part of a building where men led calves and dogs among the snakes, which would spring forward and generally coil themselves around the animals' legs, then they were immediately taken into the operating room, which, however, much to our regret, we were not allowed to enter.

Then we went outside and saw the snakes, which, with the exception of rattlers, are non-poisonous. There are only about ten varieties, boa constrictor, green snakes, flat-stomachs, and others. As these are only the literal translations in English, you need not be surprised at the titles.

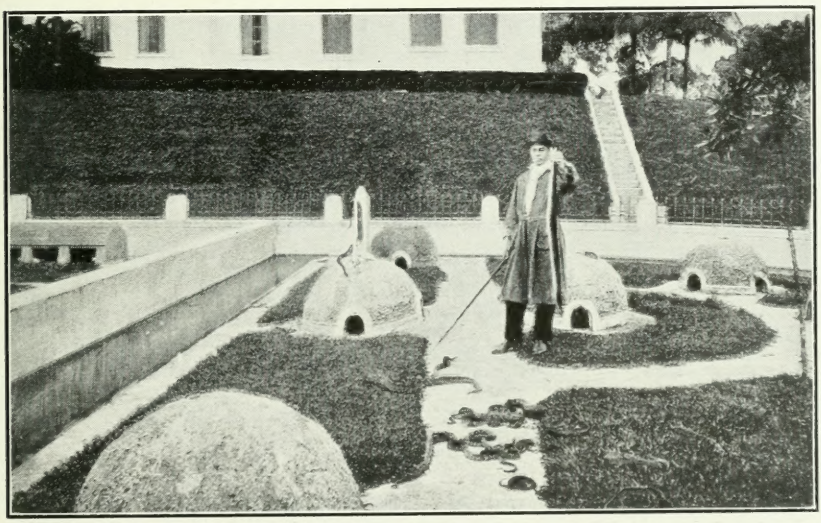
We put on leggings and stepped into the inclosure. I was walking along, and suddenly I felt my foot touch something soft. I looked down

and saw a large black snake coiled up. I took my foot off quickly, but the snake sprang at me with a hiss. I thought my last moment had come, and St. Andrew's would miss a shining pupil, but like a man I looked down again, only to see the snake crawling away and a little dent in my leggings.

Our man then took hold of two snakes and began "stuffing" one inside the other, when he put one snake half inside the other he drew it out. Then he did the reverse. "These snakes," he said, "are not particular whom they eat, and a mother snake will sometimes eat her young if she is very hungry."

As a special honour, he let us each hold a six foot boa constrictor, which, needless to say, is the clammiest thing I ever felt.

Our visit being over, we tipped the man five hundred reis, about 20 cents U.S.A., which brightened him up considerably. Then we returned to the hotel, a tired but nevertheless quite enlivened crowd who could talk of nothing but the different rattlers each had held.



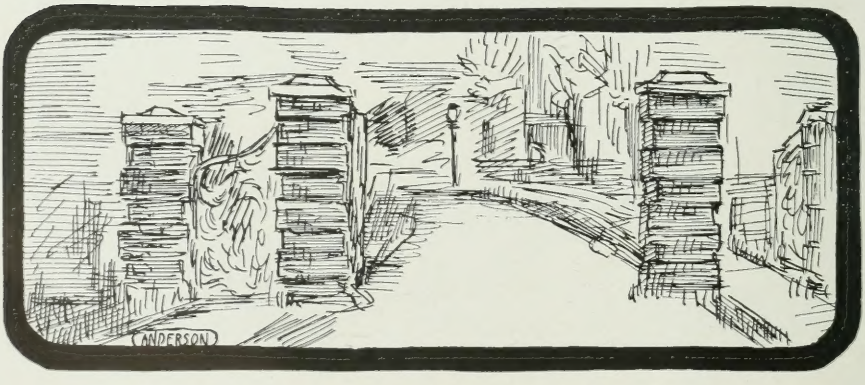
AUTUMN.

T. F. Aspden.

As a prince sweeps the Autumn with masterful stride
Through the rich world that summer has left.
The winds are his minions, before him they ride,
While the snow as his vanguard, the frost at his side
Leave the country despoiled and bereft.

At his touch all of nature is scarlet and gold,
At his touch it is plundered and bare.
In his ranks are the powers of all nature enrolled
Where they give of their best 'ere the season of cold.
To his bounty all mankind is heir.

As a prince swept the Autumn, his mem'ry is here
In the few withered leaves in the snow,
The fields are deserted, the highways are clear,
The chill blasts of winter come ever more near.
The Autumn has gone, let us go.



NOISES OF THE DAY AT S.A.C.

Noises! They may be heard in the scholastic halls of St. Andrew's from the unearthly hour at which the rising bell is rung until approximately one hour after lights out. Upon awakening one becomes conscious of a low rasping, gurgling, monotonous roar which at times rises to a shrill but unpleasant whistle presumably denoting peaceful slumber on the part of someone in the vicinity. In a short time the cheerful (?) jangling of the rising bell arouses Willie Murchison, who, in turn, arouses the rest of the flat; more noise, resulting in the temporary suppression of Willie, and the flat again slumbers until the breakfast bell disturbs their lethargic condition. Water! Footsteps! Rushing! Assorted Clothes! Breakfast! Grace mumbled feelingly by a Prefect, usually one who either doesn't take Latin or else conceals it well. Next the Porridge Chorus, alternated on Sundays with the Cornflake Carousal. Following Breakfast, Mail, much noise, few Letters, intertwined with "Dr. Macdonald will be up from breakfast in just a minute," and the low moaning or weeping of the disappointed ones. After this the Daily Dozen is practised on any individual who has been unfortunate enough to have been caught smoking, while above something is stretched over the top of the beds so that they may appear prepared for inspection. Bell! Noises! Roll-Call! Excuses for lateness! Chapel! Soul-satisfying rendition of Fight the Good Fight! Cheer Practice! Admit Slips! Hard work on the part of Beer! Recess! Indescribable Sounds! Deafening repetition of Memory Work from somewhere during which all other Forms suspend work! Period described in Calendar and Curriculum as Noon-Hour or Lunch speaks for itself! Band Practice, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" More school and temporary silence, broken now and then by the despondent voice of a master asking a question which is followed by more silence. 3.30 p.m. "Yes, we have no Bananas," the war-cry of the Day-Boys, is heard at intervals. If there is a game, the signals of the quarter-back are interspersed with various melodious, if ear-splitting, yells. Warning! Splashing! Bell! Supper! Raid on the Phone-room; way is made for those holding season tickets, while those less fortunate are forced to get excused during Evening Study. Prayers, during which the Roll is reverently called by a Prefect, more attacks on the Phone-room. Warnings! Houselates! Lights-out! Exclusive Prefects appropriate Showers! Murmur of voices which gradually becomes a regular snoring which lasts until the next morning.

W. P. III. B.

THE DOUBLE CAPTURE.

By Macdonald II.

Sir Arthur Pierce, head of the Wallis-Kerman Detective Agency, glanced at the visiting card on the table before him. "Mr. Roger Morgan. Wonder who he is," he muttered; then to his butler, "All right, Jenkins, show him in."

Mr. Roger Morgan was a typical fat American profiteer, who, having entered the room, and bowed to Sir Arthur, began his story at once.

"Sir Arthur," he said, "I have come to see if your men can find out why I am being shadowed by the Ku Klux Klan. I am a white American citizen, and I am a Protestant and yet every blessed evening those K.K. critters are watching me and throwing messages into my rooms for me to find and read."

"I am afraid, Mr. Morgan, that I do not quite understand you," replied Sir Arthur. "Would you kindly tell me your tale from the beginning."

"Well, sir," began Mr. Morgan, "last Thursday evening I was sitting in my drawing-room when a stone flew in the open window with a message attached to it. Leaping to the window, I saw a white-robed figure disappearing around the hedge. I next looked at the message; on it was printed 'Six days until Wednesday,' and there was no signature. Every evening since then a similar message, only changing from six to five and so forth, has been thrown in my window, and I have caught a glimpse of a white-robed figure. Last night I fired at it, but I missed it, and here it is Wednesday so I have decided to come to you for advice."

"Hm," said Sir Arthur. "Mr. Morgan, I take it you are a wealthy man. Do you happen to possess any valuable jewellery?"

"I certainly do, sir. I own an extremely valuable ruby, which I keep locked in a safe in my strong-room as I have no faith in safety vaults."

"Then you can take it from me, Mr. Morgan, that white-robed figure is not a member of the Ku Klux. He is the Ghost, probably the most famous American jewel thief alive, who never, under any circumstances, commits a robbery on any day except Wednesday. I will send two men over to your residence this evening—Kerrigan, my right-hand man, and Royce, a young Canadian, who has shown great ability. I do not think it necessary to call in the police. Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye. Thank you very much, Sir Arthur."

About seven o'clock that evening, Kerrigan and Royce presented

themselves at Cedarlane, Mr. Morgan's large suburban mansion. There was a great difference between the two detectives. Kerrigan was about fifty, shrewd, intelligent, confident in himself, an important detective with many years of experience. Royce was not yet thirty, but quick and keen, ready and willing to learn.

They found Morgan in a state of agitated nervousness, which he was with difficulty trying to conceal. He led them into the dining-room, which faced the lawn, and asked them to partake of some supper before beginning their vigil. In the middle of the meal Kerrigan suddenly leapt to his feet, and shouting "I see him. Hurry, Royce," he tore out through the hall, out of the front door, and into the garden, where he disappeared amongst the shrubbery.

The young Canadian, not having seen anything, was at a loss to know exactly what to do. He had followed his superior into the garden, but, at the other's sudden disappearance amongst the shrubbery, which was so thick as to screen Kerrigan completely from view, he stood for a moment, with his back towards the afore-mentioned shrubbery, pondering his next move, and, as he stood thus, he received a stunning blow from behind. A mist swam before his eyes, his legs gave way beneath him, and he fell unconscious on the grass.

But the blow was not as hard as it might have been, and he had not lain there for many minutes before his senses slowly came back to him, leaving him still very weak. He tried to cry out, but his power of speech seemed to have been temporarily dulled by the blow, and the best he could utter was a senseless gurgle. Slowly and painfully, creeping on all fours, he made his way back to the house.

The front door was open and from one of the upper rooms came a terrorized babble of voices. Very cautiously he mounted the stairs and crept along the hall to the strong-room, from which the voices issued. The door was standing half open, and, hiding behind it, he could see into the room without being seen, and this is what he saw.

Kerrigan and Morgan, with all his servants, were lined up against the wall of the room, their hands raised above their heads, and a look of abject terror on their faces. Facing them, a loaded revolver in his hand, stood a figure, draped from head to foot in white. "All right, Morgan," he was saying. "Hurry up and get the jewel, and if you try to double-cross me, remember I have got the drop on you." And, while the shivering profiteer was opening the safe, he turned to the senior detective. "As for you, Kerrigan, you worm, I have got an account to settle with you. Yes, I know you thought I was in Paris, but, as it is, I arrived here by the *Olympia* this morning, found out, never mind how, about the game you and Ridout were playing, and came out here to frustrate it, and get the ruby for myself. I know all about what you

have been doing. I know that Ridout has been skulking around here and frightening Morgan, and that you came here and laid out that Canuck kid in the garden, and then were going to cop the stone, but you never reckoned on me turning up, did you?"

"Wh-where is Ridout?" stammered Kerrigan.

"Ridout, you insect, is lying dead in a ditch not a mile from here, and in less than half-an-hour you will be with ——."

And then Royce, his strength fully returned, sprang upon him from behind. It was a madcap thing to do, but it succeeded. The Ghost's pistol went off with a deafening explosion, tearing a great hole in the ceiling, his head struck the marble floor with considerable force, and for a moment he lay there unconscious. Royce instantly snatched the pistol from his hand, and levelled it at Kerrigan, who had been bolting for the door, but, the moment he saw the formidable weapon pointed at him, the senior detective came to an abrupt halt.

"All right, Kerrigan," he said, "you had better stay still if you value your dirty hide. Put your jewel back, please, Mr. Morgan. You, sir," to the butler, "hurry up and phone for the police, and you," to the other servants, "arrange these two creatures against that wall, so that I can keep them covered until the police come."

. . . . . .

"Royce," said Sir Arthur next morning, "I offer you my sincerest congratulations. You have captured the slickest jewel thief, and one of the greatest imposters in America. I have been informed that Kerrigan and his friend Ridout have committed half-a-dozen robberies for which the blame has fallen on someone else, but this was the first time they had tackled our friend the Ghost. Now, as to your reward, Kerrigan's post as senior detective is empty, and I propose to give it to you, and so measure your reward by the service you have done us. Poetic justice, I should say. Good morning," and he was gone, leaving a very contented young detective behind him.

A TRIP IN NORWAY.

By Cook.

During the summer of 1923 we set out from Dallen for Odda. Dallen is a small town situated in the Telemarhen Valley on the road from Christiania to Bergen. As our journey for the day was to be long it was necessary to leave early in the morning. We began the trip in a Peugeot car, which was a good hill climber.

After motoring ten miles along a level road we began to ascend in zigzags. Looking down we could see a typical Norwegian river wildly rushing over the rocks. We followed this river to its source, a beautiful little lake surrounded by mountains. The reflections were very clear, a small white church on the opposite bank showed up very distinctly against the green and grey of the mountain side. Everything was quiet and still except for an occasional ripple on the lake caused by a trout jumping for a fly. The road by this lake was very hilly, but the car climbed well. We could see the posts of the surveyors, who had planned a new road in order to eliminate the steepest parts. We climbed steadily for four hours seeing much the same kind of scenery. When we had got to the height of two thousand feet the pines began to disappear and in their place grew a scraggy birch more like a shrub than a tree. As we ascended snow appeared, which was often hollowed out underneath by small streams. This is very deceptive, and if one does not watch one's step when walking he may fall through, finding himself in a pool of water under a snow drift. Looking behind we saw a chain of lakes joined by rivers or falls. It appeared as if a giant had climbed the mountain, leaving his footprint in the form of lakes.

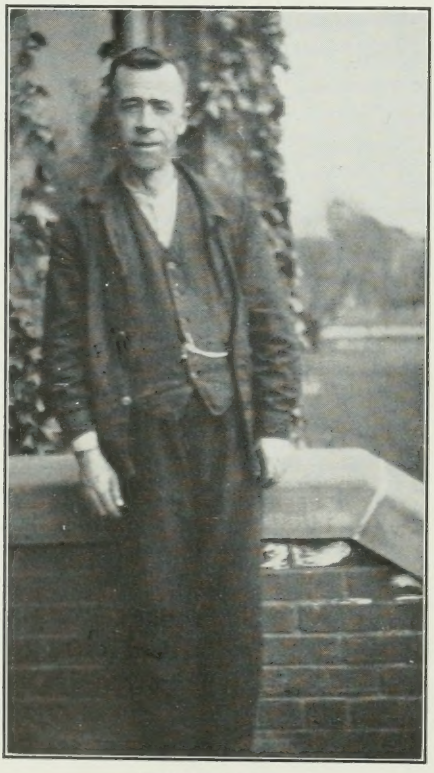
Near the top there is a small village which is inhabited chiefly by cattle men, where we had lunch at an hotel. After lunch we went out for a walk, seeing many interesting things. One thing that impressed us particularly was to see cows grazing beside a huge snow bank. They were very hardy and did not seem to mind the cold at all. Afterwards we learnt that they are brought up from the valleys for the summer.

At Dallen they had told us that we were going to take a sleigh ride across the pass, so we were full of expectations. When we came to the snow we were much surprised to find only one sleigh. Father asked the driver, with some difficulty, where the other sleigh was and found out that we were to walk, the sleigh being for the baggage. After ascending for a short distance we got on the pass proper, the snow being from three to twenty feet in depth. On our left there was a lake covered with ice,

while to the right there were the mountains. When we arrived at the summit, three thousand and seventy-five feet high, we got a magnificent view of the pass and snow-caps. After descending for fifteen minutes we arrived at the place where the snow disappears and the road begins.

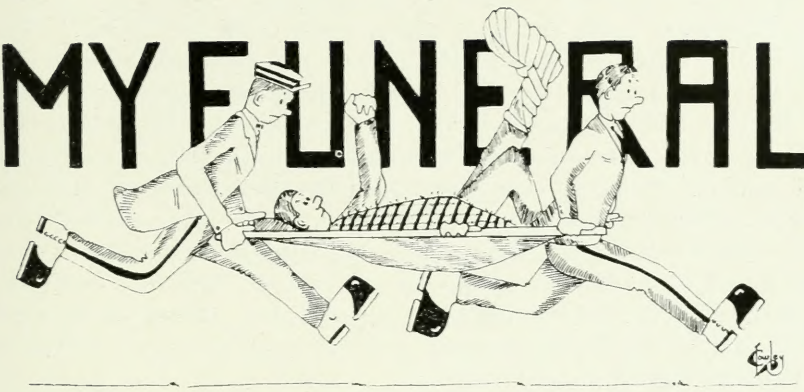
The roads went down into Lake Breiford. This lake is very pretty, the dark green banks standing out in contrast to the snow-covered mountains. From here we ascended to another pass, which we crossed in the same manner. As this pass is not very high the snow was melting fast, and on the opposite slopes one could frequently see avalanches. We changed to a car again, the road following a stream down the mountain side.

The last phase of the journey was very enjoyable as we travelled beside a large river with steep banks on either side. At last we caught sight of our destination, and it was not long before we reached Odda.



PROMOTED!

MY FUNERAL



By Huffman, IIIa.

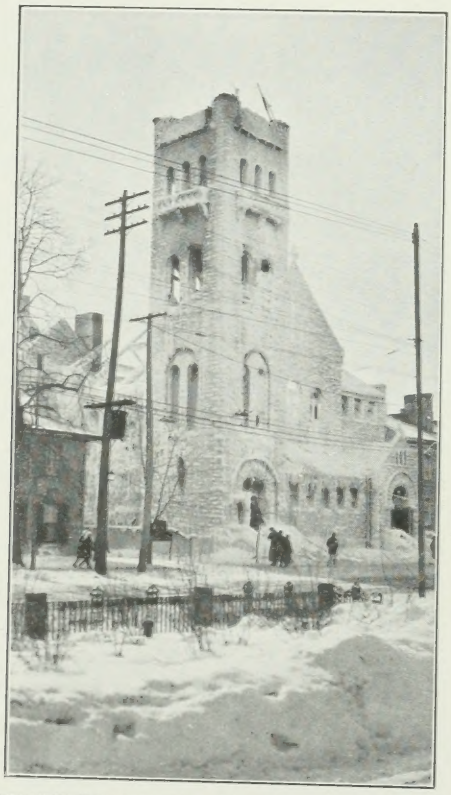
One bright day in June, as I ambled gaily down the city street oblivious to all things save the warm sun and the beautiful azure blue of the sky, I came upon the stand of Tony the fruit vendor, who was proclaiming in a strident voice the various merits of his luscious wares. I was thinking of how I was going to spend this delightful afternoon when my erring foot alighted on a stray banana peel! There followed a correct imitation of Ludski Ludscovitch doing his famous Cossack dance, and needless to say, I ended by striking my skull on the pavement and sinking into oblivion.

I awoke to the tune of harps plunked sweetly by celestial fingers. I arose, stretched my wings, and soared up into the blue sky. After floating about for some time a strange desire came over me. It was the wish to see the loved ones that I had left on earth. So I sailed away into the clouds and descended into the house of my parents.

The house was plunged into grief, mourners came from time to time and laid wreaths of poison ivy, dandelions and garlic upon my bier. My poor mother's eyes were swollen with much weeping and she sobbed "Now that he's gone who will cut the grass and carry out the garbage?" My father sat glumly in a chair thinking, I suppose, of how much money I had saved him by washing the cars. This sad sight so unnerved me that I could not linger longer, but glided away to the house of my former affinity. There I found the poor girl sobbing on the back of her favourite Pomeranian "Fudge." She was crying as if her heart would break. At first I could not make out why she wept, but finally I found out that it was because she had counted on going to a dance with me

and had got a new dress n'everything—and now everything was over just because I happened to slip on a banana peel. I did not stay long here, but flitted to the cemetery where I was to be laid to rest. The mob had already assembled. My former self was lowered into the ground and two Italians borrowed from the section gang speedily replaced the divots. The minister of our parish then repeated the service and, as it was a very warm day, his lips from time to time received spiritual refreshment. When the service was over the gang wandered unto the pavilion, where refreshments were served and the band played "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and everybody joined heartily in the chorus, after which they all departed to the Kum Awl Theatre to see Ima Kasher and Lotta Smiles in the great mystery play, "Love, Woman and Hash," and left me by my beautiful tombstone on which was inscribed the touching legend:

"Sic Transit Gloria Swanson."

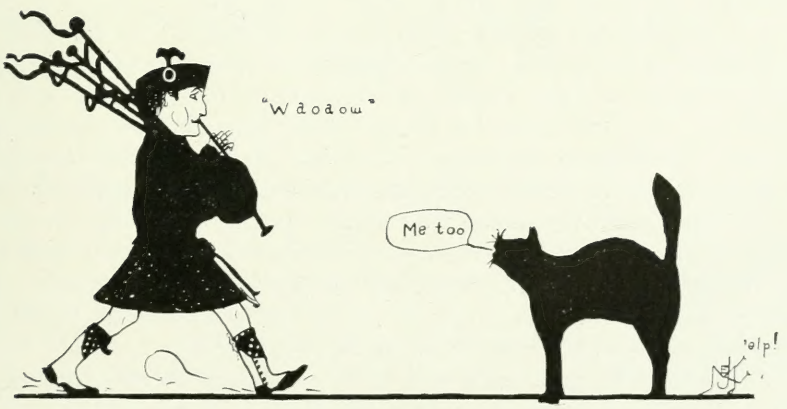


THE RUINS OF WESTMINSTER CHURCH, WHICH IS NOW REBUILT AND ATTENDED BY THE BOYS OF S.A.C.

THE NEW BOY

A boarder to the school I came
So new and green and fresh,
I knew the school of rugby fame
But could not guess the rest.
I came here by the evening train
Meek and mild and good,
Determined to treat the bigger boys
Just as a new boy should.
How can I my story tell?
To me its far too sad,
Each old boy knows the tale so well
'Twould only make him mad.
However, I wore a funny tie
With crosses of red on white,
Which seemed to catch the public eye
—I must have looked a sight—
And now my voice has changed so fast,
I can really sing a song,
Eat soap, go through the mill, and last,
And tell the right from wrong.

J. D. McLennan II.



SCHOOL NEWS

THE RUGBY DINNER

The Annual Rugby Dinner took place at the College on November 16th. Col. Gooderham, chairman of the Board, the Directors of the College, masters, past captains and the present First and Second teams were present.

During the course of the dinner the orchestra played many popular selections, the master's quartette sang and Mr. Widdrington gave us two solos. The boys sang the school rugby songs for the benefit of the old boys. Some old boys were heard to remark that it made them feel like boys again.

A toast to the King was proposed, followed by the national anthem.

Mr. Tudball then offered a toast to Canada which was replied to by Mr. Robinson. The latter pointed out the achievements of Canada in history, literature and art which are as important to the welfare of a country as her resources and industries. He recalled the purchasing of the first goal posts for the school and the first team captained by Mr. Housser.

Jack Beer then offered a toast to the school, which has reached its 23rd year. The boys rose and gave the college yell.

Col. Gooderham replied to Beer's toast and told of the founding of the College primarily as a joint stock company, and how later its shareholders turned in their shares and formed a trust. He traced the growth of the school from its Yonge Street home to the present one and the future outlook as regards to Aurora. He stated that its success has been due to its headmaster and excellent staff. He pointed out that it is not education alone that counts, but a school must have its sports in order to instil the right spirit into the boys so that they will learn to fight their way through life honestly, fairly and squarely. He asserted that S.A.C. gave a boy an excellent start in life and was one of the best schools on the continent in that respect.

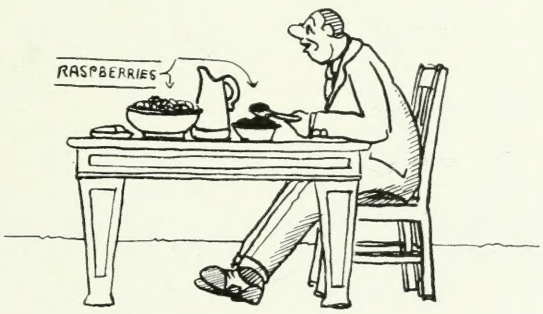
Dr. Macdonald spoke next and in his reminiscences told us how he used to practise with the team, how the mystery of the milkless school cows was solved by John Crowley who discovered the day-boys milking them for lunch, and how there were only 37 or 38 boys at the first school

on Yonge Street, whereas now there are five Old Boys on the Board of Governors.

He pointed out that it is achievements that count, and as an example stated that S.A.C. has come from 10 points behind to win from Ridley four times.

White proposed the toast to the Athletic Association, which was replied to by Mr. Chapman the President. He thanked the ladies for the trouble they had taken in arranging for the dinner. The aim of the Association is to make this year a banner one and so far it has been completely successful. He also thanked Mr. Ramsay, Mr. Church and "Pep" Paisley for their excellent coaching, pointing out that it is a combination of school spirit and good coaching that will make a team a success. Playing according to the rules and playing the game are two entirely different things and he considered that this year's team deserve a great deal of praise for the way in which they played the game.

Mr. Geo. Lyon proposed the toast to the First Team. Mr. Lyon, of well known golf and cricket fame, is the father of Freddy Lyon who last year set up a record of 125 runs, not out, in cricket.



WHERE WE GOT OUR SCHOOL-SPIRIT

Carrick, captain of the First Team, replied to the toast of Mr. Lyon.

Crosbie proposed the toast to the Second Team, to which Robertson, captain of the team, replied.

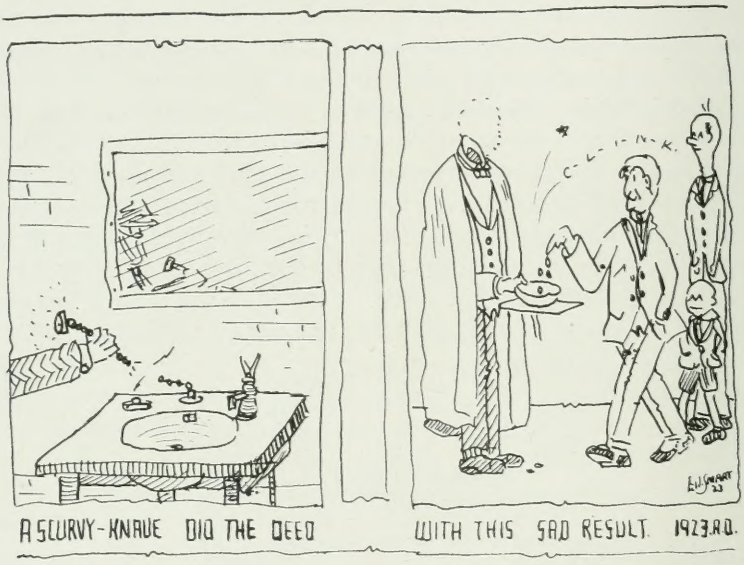
Mr. Ramsay proposed a toast to the Cross Country Run which has taken place annually for the past twenty years. This year Supple was the winner, and replied to the toast.

Dr. Macdonald spoke on the hockey outlook and stated that if the team had the same spirit as the Rugby team, it would go a long way in the race for the championship.

Mr. Fleming proposed a toast to all the old captains, giving in detail

the exploits of each one. He mentioned the fact that Montgomery as quarter and Watrous as middle wing had been chosen on the "all star" team for all time.

Mr. Harry Housser, captain of the first school team, might be called the father of St. Andrew's football. He told about the hardships that that first team encountered in obtaining games as the other schools did not wish to recognize S.A.C. at first.



Housser told of the first victory for S.A.C. over Ridley and of his still having the ball. He will present it to the school at an early date.

Jack Hope, Ed. Whitaker and Jack Cameron spoke, as old captains, congratulating the team on its fine showing this year.

"Pep" Paisley spoke on the speed, combination and spirit of this year's team, stating that it was the come-back that counted in the team.

Murchison on behalf of the team made a presentation to the coaches in appreciation of their untiring efforts in coaching them, and a very pleasant evening was brought to an end.

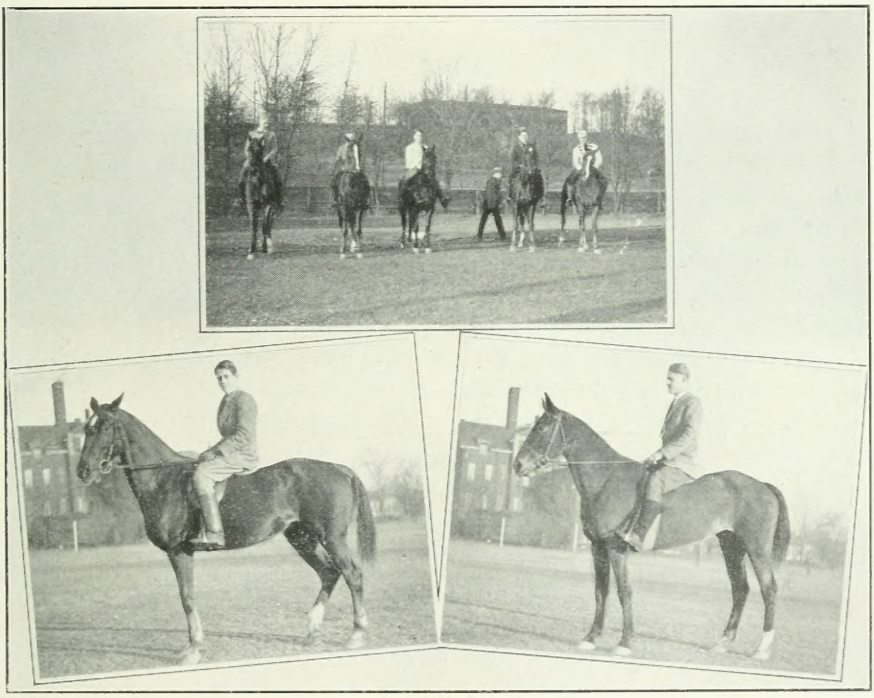
J. T. D.

RIDING.

This year the school has had an additional attraction to all of an athletic turn of mind, for six good horses have been purchased as the nucleus of a permanent riding school. These horses are first and foremost for the use of the boys, who are not slow to take advantage of the

fact. Anyone who hands in his name to authority may ride: it matters not whether he is already a skilful rider or whether he has never been on a horse before in his life. In the former case he will be trusted to go out to the grassy lanes by Leaside and enjoy a canter, while those of the latter class may be seen on the back of a quiet horse which is being led around the school grounds.

Riding was popular at once. It was something new and gave everyone a chance to ride, or learn to ride, at prices lower than those of outside riding schools. "Sid" Bishop was soon a popular instructor and spent a busy time looking after the rides arranged by the master in charge of



"THE LIGHT BRIGADE"

riding. Boys who were not able to play football were able to get splendid exercise in riding and even some who were regular players would take every opportunity of working in a ride.

The horses are seldom idle during the day. Some keen horsemen have used the time between breakfast and morning school to ride, and after school hours there is a daily list of riders which occupies every horse in the stable during the week. The horses are most suitable for the kind of work which they have to do. Needless to say, every horse

is a good horse and perfectly safe to ride. Their condition is good and they are gaining rather than losing by the work they have to do. Mr. Bishop came to us to take charge of the stable, which is thus in capable hands.

The stable has recently had a few more stalls added to it and we hope to see the activity in riding increased still further. Arrangements have been made for the erection of jumps on the school grounds, where the better riders may, under supervision, have good jumping practice.

We have good reason to hope that this latest venture will continue to be a success.

THE CADET CORPS.

Although slightly smaller than last year the Cadet Corps gives every promise of living up to its previous record and the high standard set in last summer's inspection.

We are without the services of Sergeant-Major Figg, who has been with us for the past three years, but we have been able to secure Sergeant-Major Wallace as our instructor and under his command the Corps is rapidly "shaping-up" into a likely-looking body.

White I is Captain, with McMurtry, Beer, Ault and Crosbie as his lieutenants. Carrick I is lieutenant of the band.

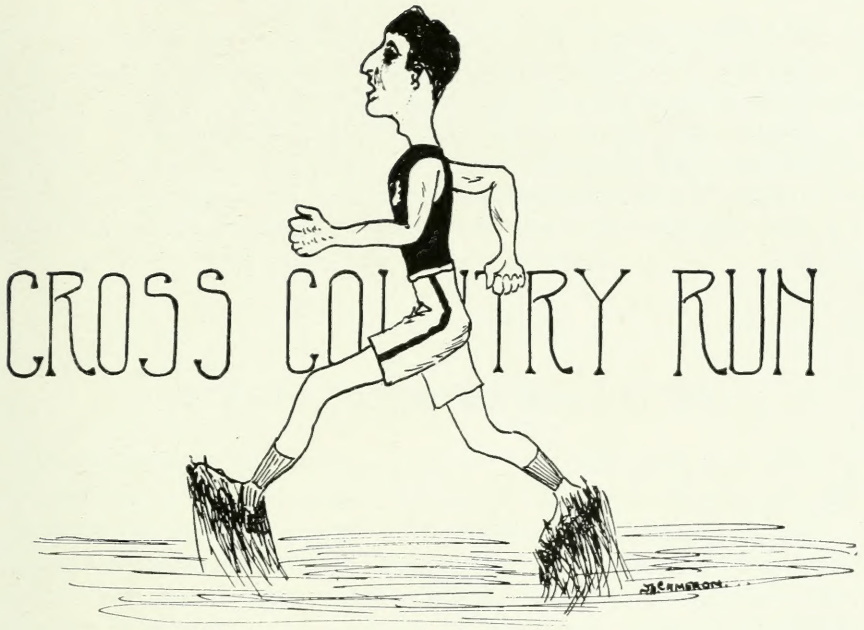
The Corps was represented at the unveiling of the 48th Highlanders' War Memorial at Queen's Park on Sunday, November 11th.

M. B. C.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

This year the orchestra is larger than ever. This may mean much or little, but the fact remains that we have so many would-be musicians that to look at the orchestra reminds one of the New York Symphony. We are grateful to Mr. Ross for the assistance which he is giving us. The following are the members of the orchestra this year:

Violins—Mr. Laidlaw, Beauregard, Lovering, Herald, Bethune.
Saxophones—Broome I, Scott I, Kent, Paul, Fair.
Banjo—Gourlay I.
Cornet—Evans.
'Cello—Barber II.
Piano—Carrick I.
Traps—Huffman.



THE SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

Every year, between the rugby and hockey seasons, we hold our Cross-Country Run. This event always attracts a large amount of excitement on account of the uncertainty of the result.

The day set, Friday, November 16th, turned out to be a perfect day for such a contest. There was little or no wind and the air was cool.

About four o'clock the boys "went to the post" under the supervision of the starter, Mr. Chapman. In a few minutes Mr. Chapman "lifted the barrier" and "they were off."

The two "Willays" led the field up the hill but soon afterwards were forced to give ground. Supple sprang into the lead on the hill going down to the old belt-line. He was closely followed by Hoops I. Going under the railroad bridge in the ravine Supple was in the lead, Hoops I was second, while Ault was not far behind.

After getting his early lead Supple was never headed and he won easily. He showed wonderful condition and his time of thirty minutes was very creditable. His winning gives him the gold medal and also his name on the Wallace Cup. Ault, who came in second, won the silver medal, while Kirkland won the bronze medal for third place.

The cake winners were:
Hoops I—First Team Cake.
Miller I—Upper Sixth Cake.
Murchison I—Lower Sixth Cake.
Parker—Fifth Form Cake.
Stirling—Fourth Form Cake.
The steward's cake was devoured by Cameron I and his other wolves.

THE JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

The Junior Cross-Country was run on Wednesday, November 14th. The day was clear and cold, which made it more pleasant for the runners.

Mr. Chapman started the boys off on their three-mile grind. Maddocks and Patterson led at the beginning, but Heggie overtook them at the ravine and he was never passed. The winning of the race entitled Heggie to the silver medal and his name on the Campbell-Macdonald Memorial Cup. Coleman came second, winning the bronze medal, while Hume was third.

The cake winners were:
Hume, Robertson II, Sinclair II, Russell V, Morlock.

A ROMANCE

The school was interested to hear of O'Hara's marriage to Nellie McInerney during the summer months, and extends its congratulations and best wishes to both. O'Hara (whose picture appears on another page) is now storekeeper, and Mrs. O'Hara presides at the tuck shop.

OUR FIRST GOAL-POSTS.

At the First Team Rugby Dinner some very interesting reminiscences of the early days of St. Andrew's College were told. While Mr. Robinson was replying to the toast to "Canada" he recalled one of the earliest incidents in the history of the school.

In the first days of the school in 1899, when it was situated on the old Yonge Street site, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Blanchard, two masters, wished to encourage a start in football and decided they must get goal posts. They bought four pieces of scaffolding at a neighbouring lumber yard and brought them back to the school. On the way they met Harry Hausser, Dwight Smith and Leslie Ferguson, three of the boys. Then all five, with the help of a ground-auger borrowed from old John Crowley, erected the first goal-posts of St. Andrew's College.

A TRIBUTE.

The news that Nurse Meyers was to sever her connection with the school was received by the boys with deep regret. Mrs. Meyers has been nurse in the Upper School for the past five years, during which time she was always a good friend to the boys. At all times she was never too busy to hear our woes and troubles, smoothing them over in many cases. We all wish her success in her trip to the "Sun Kist" country and hope she will return to the College next year.

We welcome to the school Miss Carpenter, who has come to take her place.

W. E. M.

THE VISIT OF REV. SIDNEY LAMBERT.

On Sunday, November 4th, the Rev. Sidney Lambert paid the school a visit and he addressed us at our Sunday evening chapel service.

Mr. Lambert is Padre of the Christie Street Hospital. He was wounded in the war and it was a coincidence that he was stationed during his convalescence at the college when it was St. Andrew's Hospital instead of St. Andrew's College. Mr. Lambert told some of his reminiscences of the life when he was in convalescence here. His address was mainly about work and experiences in connection with the Christie Street Hospital, and was an inspiration to us all.

M. B. C.

PRIZE DAY

Our annual distribution of prizes was held on Friday, November 30th, in the assembly hall of the college. The day dawned bleak and rainy, but fortunately cleared up about noon. The guests of honour were His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Cockshutt.

The ceremony commenced at three o'clock with the singing of the school hymn. This was followed by a reading of Scripture and a prayer by the Rev. Dr. James Little. The Headmaster spoke very highly of the spirit of the school and the boys showed this spirit in their singing of the Football Song. Dr. Macdonald in his address gave an idea of the new school at Aurora, and spoke of some aspects of education.

General proficiency prizes were presented by Col. Gooderham, the Hon. Dr. Cody and Sir Edmund Walker, whose addresses were enjoyed by everyone.

His Honour the Lt.-Governor presented the special prizes and the Wyld Prize in Latin. He gave a short address on the responsibility laid on the coming generation. At the conclusion of his speech his request for a school holiday was granted by the Headmaster.

Mrs. Cockshutt then presented the Crowe Cup and Gooderham Medal, and Mrs. Powers presented the Rifle from the 48th Highlanders Chapter of the I.O.D.E. The proceedings were concluded by the singing of God Save the King.

The list of those on the platform included: His Honour the Lt.-Governor, Col. Fraser, the Hon. Dr. Cody, Sir Edmund Walker, Col. Gooderham, Dr. J. A. Little, Sir Robert Falconer, General Fotheringham, the Rev. Dr. Neil, the Rev. Provost Seager, Principal Gandier, the Rev. Father Carr, Dr. Herbert Bruce, Col. Noel Marshall, Sir John Willison, Capt. J. E. Thompson, Mr. F. A. Rolph, Mr. T. A. Russell, Dean Primrose, Lt.-Col. McCrimmon, Col. Commandant A. H. Borden, Frank Littleford, Major Ney, Dr. C. L. Starr and Lt.-Col. K. R. Marshall.

Prize List 1922-1923

Preparatory Form—Group A

1st. Morlock, John Forbes
2nd. Cosgrave, James Lyon

Group B

1st. Gurnell, Harry John
2nd. Waller, Robert Edward

Form I

1st. Bascom, John Heintzman
2nd. Black, Beverley
3rd. Coots, William Claude
Rea, Frederick Thompson, II

Form II

1st. Rea, David Kenneth, I
2nd. White, Henry Francis, II
3rd. Shortly, John Benjamin, II
4th. Stamper, Paul Arthur

Form III A

1st. Armstrong, Robert White, II
2nd. Dennis, Vernon Harvey
3rd. Sprott, Perry Hubert

Form III B

1st. Ellsworth, George Eric
2nd. Henderson, James Irwin
3rd. { Nelles, Robert Bradley
{ Magill, Edward Stairs

Form IV A

1st. Kirkland, William Charles
2nd. Drury, Henry Allison
3rd. Barber, John DeLury, II

Form IV B

1st. Reid, George Alfred
2nd. Macdonald, James Dennistown, II
3rd. Smily, Owen Powell

Form V

1st. Dunlap, John Campbell, I
2nd. de Beauregard, Samuel St.
3rd. Cameron, Alan Kenneth

UPPER VI. *Toronto*

1st. Stewart, Graeme Lindsay
2nd. Carrick, Donald Day, I

McGill

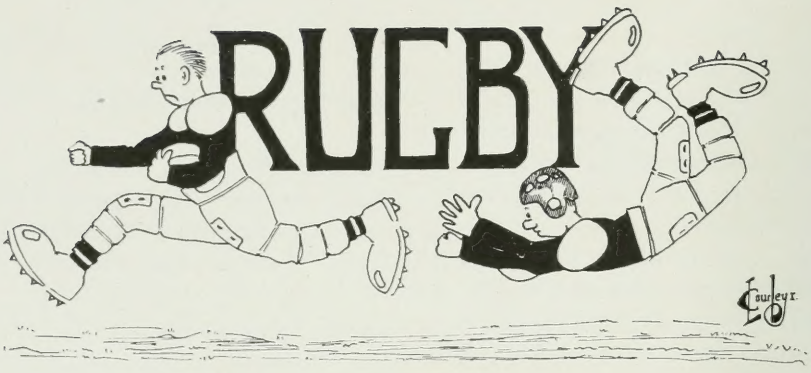
1st. Munn, Fred Lamont, I
2nd. MacLaren, David Allistair Murray, I

UPPER VI

Prof. Prizes

1st. Robinson, Gilbert de Beauregard
2nd. Lyon, Frederick Martin

Head Prefect's Prize - - - - - - - Cameron, J. A.
Cooper Medal in Science - - - - - - Munn, F. L., I
Governor-General's Medal - - - - - Robinson, G. deB.
Lieut.-Governor's Silver Medal - - - - - Lyon, F. M.
Lieut.-Governor's Bronze Medal - - MacLaren, D. A. M., I
Chairman's Gold Medal - - - - - Wilson, C. W., I
Headmaster's Medal - - - - - - Robinson, G. deB.
Wyld Prize in Latin - - - - - - Robinson, G. deB.
Lawrence Crowe Cup and Medal - - - McCannell, J. D.
48th Highlanders Chapter of the I.O.D.E. Rifle (for Proficiency in Shooting) - - - - - - - Cumberland, R. C. A.
Christie Cup - - - - - - - Robinson, G. deB.
Thorley Medal - - - - - - - - Reid, G. U.
Gooderham Medal - - - - - - - Patterson, A. S.
Royal Canadian Yacht Club Cup - - - - Rolph, G. G.

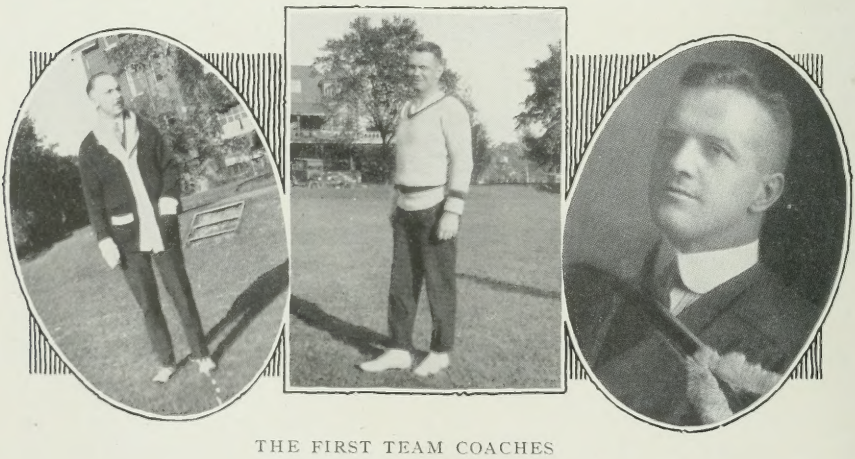


This has been one of the most successful years in rugby that St. Andrew's College has ever had. We not only won the Little Big Four Championship but all our other teams were extremely successful also.

The greatest honour for the college, however, was the way in which it won the championship. On two occasions the team came from behind and by pure determination and stamina emerged victorious. One might sum up the accomplishments by saying that the team, to a man, fulfilled the trust placed in it by the rest of the school.

Too much credit cannot be extended to Mr. "Al" Ramsay, Mr. Church, and "Pep" Paisley for their fine work of coaching the team to victory throughout the season.

Our Seconds repeated the record of the last two years by sailing through the season without dropping a game. There is a lot of very good material on the Seconds that will be quite capable of filling up the vacancies in the Firsts next year.

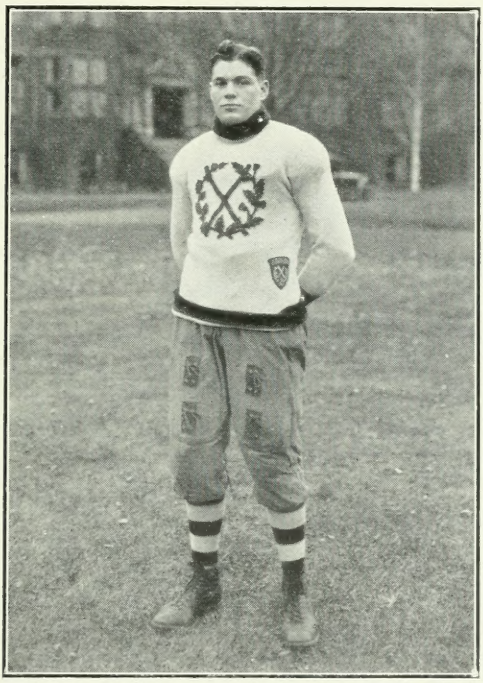


THE FIRST TEAM COACHES

The Thirds, Fourths and Fifths had a fine season also. Considering that these teams generally have to play against much heavier teams they have made a record to be envied.

Summary of games played:

	Won	Lost
Firsts	7	0
Seconds	4	0
Thirds	8	2
Fourths	2	0
Fifths	6	1



DON. CARRICK
CAPTAIN OF THE FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM

FIRST TEAM PERSONNEL.

DON. CARRICK—As captain used very good judgment in handling his team. This is his third year on the team, and he is one of the best defensive players in the group.

"GORD." WHITE—Another third year man who can be relied upon at all times. He had much to do with keeping up the spirit of the team. As left inside he teams well with Carrick.

"Chess." Crosbie—Inside, is one of the best plungers on the team. He starred in the Ridley game in particular.

"Eddie" McLennan—Also inside, rivals Crosbie for the bucking honours. He is also good at breaking through.

Fleck or "Tiny"—Got the habit of breaking through the opposing line and smothering the kicks and bucks. He also specializes in long tackles. He showed up best with Ridley.

Kirkland—A very good tackler who proved that he could play scrim equally as well as flying-wing in the Ridley game.

Jack Beer—Second year as quarter. He is a very "heady" and skilful player who would be hard to equal at quarter.

Hall—Right outside, whose tackling developed into the sensation of the season. He was the star in the Ridley game.

McMurtry—A very good tackler who was always down on the kicks and has many rouges to his credit. He played outside.

McTaggart—As flying-wing he was the mainstay of the second line of defence at Ridley. He is also a good plunger.

Freddy Miller—At half he is a sure catch and a very steady player. He starred against U.C.C. with his running.

Ross Paul—At centre half, he is a fine kicker and runner and a sure tackler.

"Gerry" Ault—An incarnation of the "Dodge 'em." His habitual running through the entire team was the feature of every game.

Scott—Centre-scrim, is a very good tackler but unfortunately couldn't play against Ridley owing to an injury.

"Sport" Hambly—Took Miller's place at half against Ridley and kicked a wonderful game. He is also a very good runner.

Baldwin or "Baldie"—Took Beer's place at quarter in the Ridley game and handled the team exceptionally well.

G. B. Russell—Scrim support in the first two games. He was very good defensively and could break through well.

"Benny" Hoops—Took Scott's place as centre-scrim in the Ridley game. A very good tackler against bucks.

THE FIRST TEAM.

As a preliminary to the College Series the Senior squad played several practice games. On September 27 they defeated North Toronto 14 to 0. This was followed by putting U.T.S. under by a score of 38 to 0, Carrick, White and Paul starring. The next test was a bit harder. The United Colleges were beaten by one point. They secured all their points, however, against the second group of our squad, Ault and Paul

scoring for us. The last practice game was with U. of T. Arts. They did not have the condition so were defeated 34 to 6. Hambly was the outstanding player, scoring two touches on beautiful runs. Thurber also scored after a run of 70 yards.

Little Big Four Standing	Won	Lost
S.A.C	3	0
Ridley	2	1
U.C.C	1	2
T.C.S	0	3

Championships to Date	
B.R.C	7
S.A.C	6
U.C.C	4
T.C.S	3

St. Andrew's has played 24 games with Upper Canada; of these S.A.C. won 15 and lost 9.

S.A.C. has played 23 games with Ridley, won 12, lost 9, tied 2.

S.A.C. has played 21 games with T.C.S., won 16, lost 5.

FOOTBALL CAPTAINS, 1923

S.A.C. **vs.** U.C.C.

The opening game of the Little Big Four series took place with Upper Canada College on our grounds on October 20th. The morning was clear and cool, but a strong wind was blowing across the field, which

caused some loose play in the first half. Upper Canada, with their determination and zeal in the first half, took St. Andrew's unawares and ran up an early lead of five points. In the last half S.A.C. buckled down to business and came into their own. The team renewed the axiom that St. Andrew's is never out till the final bell has rung.

First Period.

S.A.C. won the toss and lined up at the north end of the field. U.C.C. kicked off and the game was on. Beer returned, forcing U.C.C. back near their line. The play opened very fast on the part of both teams. S.A.C. gained possession and Beer kicked. The U.C.C. half was tackled behind their line. Shortly after this Paul kicked two deadlines. Anderson kicked a beautiful spiral against the wind, but Miller ran it out safely. Anderson opened up the scoring for U.C.C. with two deadlines near the end of the period.

Second Period.

Near the opening of the second period Matheson intercepted a pass and went over for a touch, which was converted. U.C.C., taking advantage of the slight aid from the wind, began to open up the play by kicking. S.A.C. was still a bit shaky and only showed their form in spurts. Paul brought the ball out from behind on a fine run. Miller gained yards twice in succession, then Crosbie and White made long gains but Fate did not wish S.A.C. to score so they lost the ball by interference when they approached the U.C.C. line. The first half thus ended 8 to 3 in favour of Upper Canada.

Third Period.

The last half opened with an exhibition of real rugby. The plays were executed with tremendous speed and determination on the part of St. Andrew's and great courage on the part of U.C.C. Beer kicked off and McMurtry nailed the U.C.C. half by a great tackle. S.A.C. gained possession of the ball and forced U.C.C. back on their line, only to lose the ball by an interference. Anderson, the U.C.C. star kicker, was forced to retire for the rest of the game. Then followed an epidemic of bucking. S.A.C. ripped the Upper Canada line to pieces. At the rate S.A.C. was going they would have bucked U.C.C. out of Rosedale in a few minutes but unfortunately for U.C.C. their goal-line was in the road. The result was that Ault got two touches. Practically all the U.C.C. plays were broken up by the tackling of S.A.C., while Crosbie and McLennan bucked like fiends.

FOURTH PERIOD.

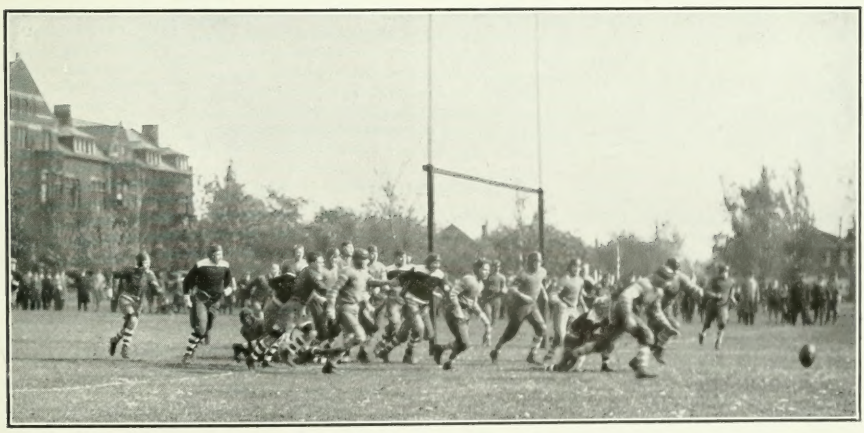
U.C.C. again opened the game by kicking and soon had a deadline. They forced S.A.C. back to their line and then gained possession of the ball when only one yard out. If they could go over it would mean victory. Then St. Andrew's showed their indomitable spirit. U.C.C. could not penetrate the S.A.C. line with three attempts, so St. Andrew's regained the ball and went on a little excursion up to see the U.C.C. line. A drop was frustrated by U.C.C. intercepting the ball; it bounced back behind the S.A.C. halves and two U.C.C. men immediately began to dribble it the length of the field. Just as they neared the line Beer caught up to them and kicked the ball out, giving them only one point. Paul made a beautiful run of half the length of the field a few minutes later. Scott and McTaggart tackled exceptionally well. Throughout the game U.C.C. were a bit inclined to "pile on" after the S.A.C. man had been brought down. The game finished with S.A.C. only one yard out from the Upper Canada line, the final score being 13 to 11 in favour of St. Andrew's.

LINE-UP:

U.C.C.—Flying wing, Adams; halves, Anderson (capt.), Bagsley, Humphries; scrimmage, Clark, Darling, Nock; insides, Farwell, Conboy; middles, Seagram, Clarkson; outsides, Wilson, Matheson; quarter, Cooper.

S.A.C.—Flying wing, Kirkland; halves, Miller, Paul, Ault; scrimmage, Russell, Scott, Fleck; insides, White (act. capt.), Crosbie; middles, McLennan, McTaggart; outsides, Hall, McMurtry; quarter, Beer.

Referees—Drope and Stratton. Head linesman—G. Smith.



CROSSING THE U.C.C. LINE

S.A.C. **vs.** T.C.S.

On October 27th the First Team went to T.C.S. and played the second game of the series. T.C.S. was greatly outclassed in every department owing to their lightness and lack of experience. They never gave up the struggle, however, and deserve great credit for the way in which they kept fighting until the final whistle had blown. The game ended with the score 50 to 0 for S.A.C. Hyland, with his fine tackling and running, was best for the losers, while the running of Hambly and Miller was very sensational for the winners. The game, on the whole, was very loose and S.A.C. did not show their usual form.

ST. ANDREW'S **vs.** RIDLEY

The game to decide the championship of the Little Big Four took place between S.A.C. and Ridley on the latter's grounds. It was the best game in years. The whole school was on its toes and the team stood the test. The weather was ideal. Ridley opened the game with a series of dazzling plays, clearly outplaying S.A.C. for a period of ten minutes. Then S.A.C. did what was expected of them, namely, outclassing their opponents after the first ten minutes of play. Before the

WORTHY WINNERS

game the coaches had given Ridley ten minutes to pile up a score, then they prophesied that S.A.C. would begin to play. St. Andrew's repeated its previous performance of coming from behind and emerged victorious. The victory was due solely to the gameness, team-work and determination of St. Andrew's. By half time S.A.C. had three regulars out of the game and the score was 12 to 2 for Ridley. Then things began to happen. In the next few minutes S.A.C. scored two touches and in the last period added another touch and a deadline.

First Period.

Ridley kicked off, Miller returned and Hall brought down the Ridley half. On the third scrimmage Beer, our star quarter-back, was injured and forced to retire for the rest of the game. He was replaced by Baldwin. Ridley launched a terrific offensive and backed S.A.C. to their goal-line after Tilley had made a beautiful run of 50 yards. Snyder fell on a muffed ball for a touch which was converted. Ridley scored their second touch when McCallum dropped on another fumble. This was converted, making the score 12 to 0 at the end of five minutes of playing. S.A.C. pulled together and scored two points in quick succession. DeWitt and Foster made some fine runs for B.R.C., while McCallum stepped into the spotlight with his wonderful tackling. The period ended 12 to 2 for B.R.C.

Second Period.

Miller was injured and forced to retire from the game. It began to look as if S.A.C. was jinxed. They had three of their best players off, Scott being injured in practice, and were 10 points behind B.R.C. For the rest of the period S.A.C. kept on the defensive. When the whistle went for half-time S.A.C. was only four yards from the Ridley goal-line. They gained this position after Crosbie had plunged through the whole Ridley line only to be kept from scoring by Foster.

Third Period.

From this point on S.A.C. took the offensive and showed their superiority. The first point was scored when Hambly kicked to Foster, who was downed by McMurtry behind the line. S.A.C. bucked from centre field to Ridley's 5-yard line, where Ault went over for a touch. Hambly's kicking and Crosbie's bucking were fast becoming the features of the game. S.A.C. again went down the field and Hambly kicked behind Ridley's goal-line. The ball was muffed and first one side had it then the other, but it finally ended up in the possession of Carrick. It was not converted. There was no more scoring in the period but S.A.C. clearly had the better of the play. Crosbie and McLennan were going "great-guns" while Tiny Fleck was continually smothering the B.R.C. bucks and kicks. Hall, McTaggart, McMurtry, Kirkland and Hoops were tackling perfectly and Hambly was far out-kicking Foster. The period ended 13 to 12 for S.A.C.

Fourth Period.

The period opened with the ball on Ridley's 20 yard line. McLennan gained yards, then Ault went over for a touch, which was not converted. At this stage the S.A.C. line was breaking through Ridley's and Foster

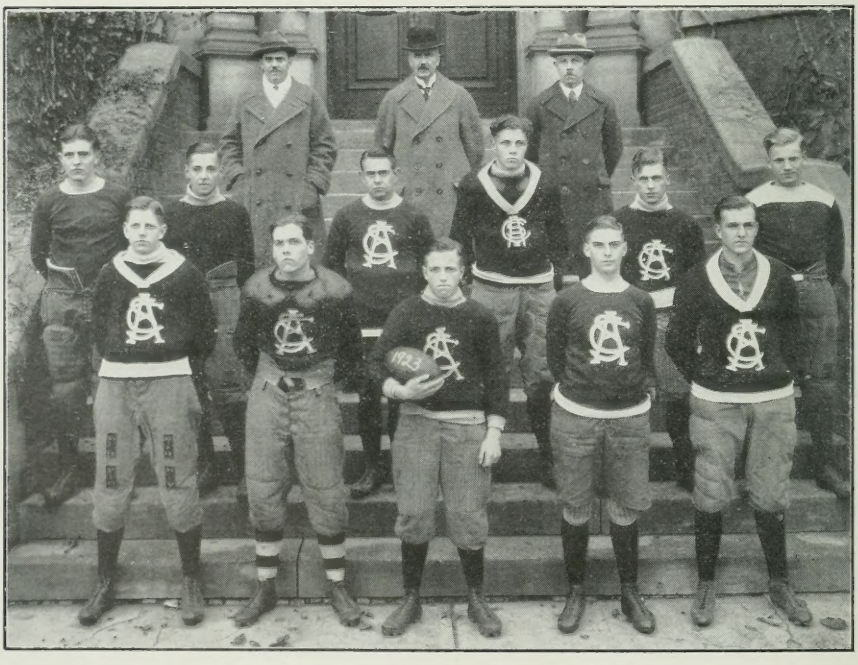
could not get his kicks away. Hall forced McKay to rouge on a beautiful spiral from Hambly. Dewitt made one of the finest runs of the game when he went half the length of the field, only to be downed by the last S.A.C. man, Paul. Ridley rallied and Bongard and Foster took the ball to S.A.C.'s 10-yard line, where Foster kicked a deadline for the last point. Foster made another run of forty yards a little later but St. Andrew's tightened up and gradually forced B.R.C. back to their end. The game ended 19 to 13 for St. Andrew's.

LINE-UP:

Ridley—Halves, Bongard, Foster and McKay; quarter, Millidge; flying-wing, Dewitt; outsides, McCallum and Snyder; middles, Moritz and Tilley; insides, Buchanan and Stringer; scrimmage, Smallman, Perie, Chaplin.

S.A.C.—Halves, Paul, Ault and Miller (Hambly); quarter, Beer (Baldwin); flying-wing, McTaggart; outsides, Hall and McMurtry; insides, Crosbie and White; middles, Carrick (capt.) and McLennan; scrimmage, Kirkland, Hoops and Fleck.

Referee—P. Campbell.



SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM

SECOND TEAM

Our seconds maintained the standard of their predecessors by not dropping a game. It is undoubtedly the best second team we have had for years. At the first of the season they would alternate with the firsts in their games and so gained much valuable experience.

The first game was with Oakwood Jrs. The visitors held the seconds in the first half, but the continual plunging of Russell and Huffman wore down their defence, the final score being 12 to 0 for S.A.C. The seconds had not yet struck their stride.

The next exhibition of the gentle game was pathetic to watch. It was with Oakville C.I. The visitors had neither condition or experience and as a result were submerged to the tune of 52 to 0. The figure 52 was built up by the fine playing of Ault, Hambly, Baldwin and Wood. Oakville C.I. only gained their yards once during the whole game.

Upper Canada seconds were the next victims, although they had the heavier team. Hambly, with some beautiful running, was the sensation of the game, while the bucking of Brunt and the tackling of Whillans was also conspicuous. Upper Canada were downed 12 to 0.

The only team to score against the seconds was U.T.S., who were finally defeated by 31 to 6. Graham accounted for three touches and Baldwin for two.

The team this year is one to be proud of, and its success is mainly due to the coaching of Mr. Church. We hope that the newcomers on the team next year will catch the spirit and "pep" of the present squad.

The following colours were granted: Robertson I (captain), Brunt, Evans II, Graham, Whillans, Thurber, Hiscock, Miller I, Fisher I, Huffman, Supple, Wood, Lovering, and Bethune.

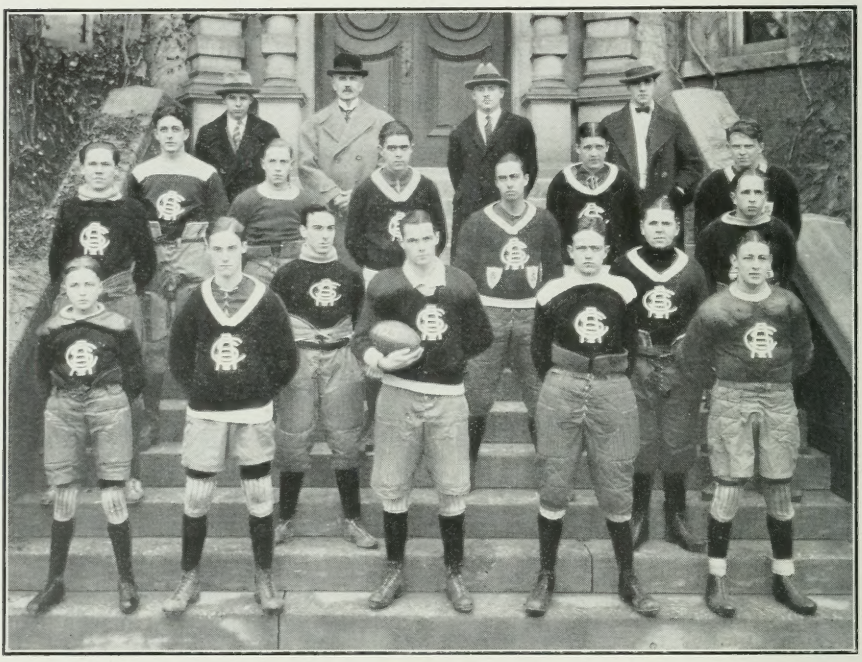
THIRD TEAM.

The Third Team is a great deal lighter this year than usual and got off to a rather bad start. They dropped the first game in four years when they played North Toronto Jrs. Their opponents were much heavier and had more experience, winning by a score of 12 to 5. Wilson bucked with great results for St. Andrew's, but the loose play of the team on nearing their opponents' line lost them many chances to score. Brown as quarter handled his team extremely well, but unfortunately dislocated his shoulder near the end of the game.

The annual massacre took place when Model was invited to our grounds, the score being forty to nothing in our favour. Russell, on

the half line, was too fast for the Model outsides, while Wilson, Fair and Smart were too effective with their bucking.

After the team's last little experience they regained their confidence and sailed in at North Toronto again, coming out on the big end of an 8 to 7 score. The team, although behind, kept on pounding at their heavier opponents' line until, with only two minutes to go, Lovering went around the end for a touch, which he converted.



THIRD FOOTBALL TEAM

The result of the next game was not so good. The team took a trip up to the Hill, where they were received by the Upper Canada third team, which is noted for its wonderful kicking. U.C.C. kicked nine deadlines and scored two touches, while Mueller kicked a beautiful field goal for St. Andrew's. Fair was very effective in this game.

The fifth game of the season was with U.T.S. In this game Sherin got mad because somebody called him "Mama's Little Boy," and every time he was given the ball would run away with it, never forgetting to leave the U.T.S. team lying in a neat little row behind him. The Thirds took the lead early and maintained it to the end, although the U.T.S. team played exceptionally well in the last half. The final score was 12

to 10 in our favour. Dunlap and Fitzpatrick played very well for the winners.

The next "game" was with the crack tackling team from Trinity College Schools. The play was fairly even till Sherin forgot he was only a visitor and ran the whole length of the field for a touch. The game was in the hands of S.A.C. from then on, ending up with a score of 14 to 1 in our favour. Fair and Wilson did some fine plunging and kept up their reputations.

The final home game of the season was with our old friends the North Toronto Jrs. This was something in the form of a championship game as it would decide which was really the better of the two teams. And, although they should be complimented on the game they played, North Toronto went down under a score of 16 to 3. Fair and Dunlap romped through the North Toronto line in great style for a short time.

Ridley and two other schools then followed the fate of the majority of other teams. They were all defeated. The last game with Ridley deserves special mention. The score was 19 to 12, thus setting a fine example for the Firsts in the afternoon. Mueller kicked a great drop, while Sherin, Wilson and Balmer bucked well.

The season was quite a good one, and Mr. Derbyshire is to be complimented on his coaching.

Colours granted: Wilson I (capt.), Colebrook, Russell II, Mueller, Shortly, Smart, Fair, Dunlap I, Sherin, Fitzpatrick, Mercer, Careless, Scott II, Balmer, Wilson II, Stirling.

FOURTH TEAM.

This team went through the season without dropping a game. The reader is expected to say "marvellous"—but we are forced to admit that they played only two games. It is too bad that they couldn't find more opponents, but the Thirds and Fifths seemed to get all the games. The first game was with Model. At the start it looked as if Model was going to obtain their vengeance for their previous defeat by running up a score. But after scoring 6 points they seemed to loose all their pep and the Fourths walked off the field victorious by a score of 14 to 6. Nugent ran very well and Burchell and Hunnisett starred with their bucking. The last game was with T.C.S. The score was 32 to 0 for S.A.C. which, to use a slang phrase, is "nuff said."

The following Fourth Team colours were granted: Nugent (capt.), Hunnisett, Cowie, Stubbings, Burchell, Stewart II, Banfield II, Beauregard, Turnbull, Newman, McWilliams, Reid, Smily, Nelles, Murchison II, Carrick II, and Costigane.

FIFTH TEAM.

Now we come to the noble Fifths—that magnificent conglomeration of stars and stars to be, mostly the latter. They didn't lose a single game the whole season—except the last one. Oh, Fate, why did'st thou allow conceit to overpower the gallant Fifths! The disaster has happened, however, so we must bewail our misfortune of not having a clean sheet of victories to record.

FIFTH FOOTBALL TEAM

The season opened with a very important social function, our distinguished visitors being the team from Upper Canada. The Fifths were very ill-mannered to their visitors as they sent them back to the Hill with a defeat of 26 to 1. Horsfall II, representing Conacher, made three touches after running half the length of the field.

The next team to beg for defeat was from U.T.S. It changed its mind for some unknown reason in the last half and held S.A.C. scoreless. The final score was 12 to 3 in our favour. Young played a splendid game, while McLennan II tackled well.

The team was entertained at Port Hope and put T.C.S. under with a score of 14 to 7. As usual, Horsfall took his exercise of running the length of the field with the ball.

U.T.S. came back for another game and were again defeated by a score of 16 to 6, Horsfall and Barber starring for S.A.C.

The next victim was Eaton Memorial. The play was close, but S.A.C. came out ahead with a score of 22 to 5.

The sixth game was with U.C.C., resulting in a win 23-11 and featuring good playing by Bishop and Young.

Our last game was at Port Hope, and was lost by the narrow margin of 7-6. Bishop again played a splendid game.

The following Fifth Team colours were granted: Dunlap II, Young, English, Dennis, Chalmers II (capt.), Gain, Hoops II, Cornell, Gentles, Bishop, Horsfall II, Barber III, McLennan II, Lumbers and Crowe.

SIXTH TEAM.

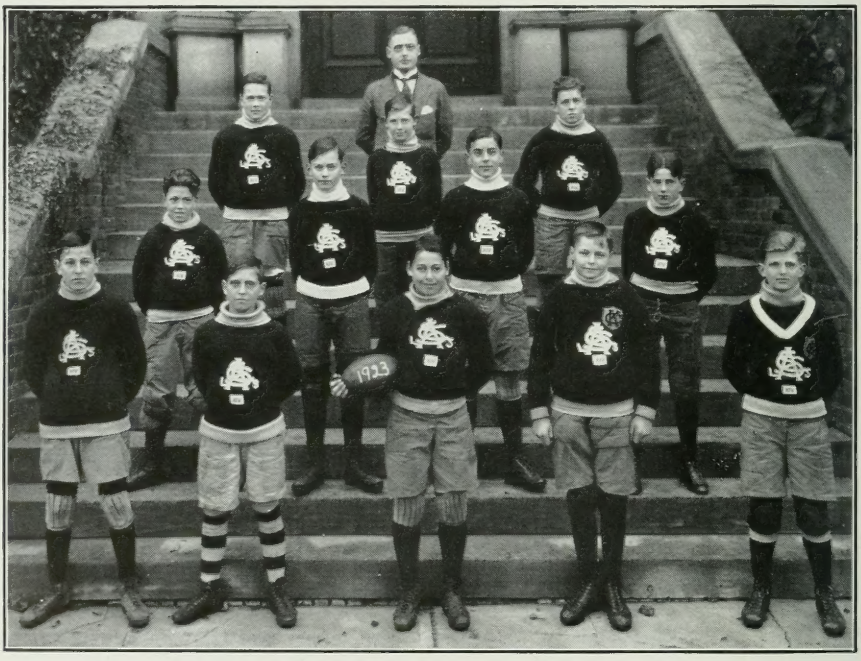
The Sixth Team was organized late in the season and had little practice. It only played one game, losing that. It was forced to meet a heavier opponent as no other school has six teams of the same classification. These boys are, however, laying the foundation for their career as rugby stars. We sincerely hope that, some day, we will find them all on the Firsts.

SIXTH FOOTBALL TEAM

Colours granted: Foster, Cumberland, Slater, Grant, Drury, Slemin, Marshall II, O'Connor, Henderson, Hannam, McLennan, Shortly II, Huston, Stronach, McLean II.

LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL.

The Lower School has had a good football season. A great deal of keenness was shown, and much promising material was discovered. Our thanks are due to W. E. Murchison for his interest and the assistance he has given us.



LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

We have been handicapped during the season by a number of slight injuries which kept some of the best players out of the game on important occasions.

We beat a Model School team on our ground by 16-5, and in the return game with a weakened team we lost by 7-6. Against a team from Appleby School the game resulted in a tie, 11-11.

A team under 14 years of age lost both games with the Preparatory School of Upper Canada College, and the Junior School T.C.S.

Colours were awarded to the following: J. C. Taylor (capt.), G. E. Ellsworth, E. P. Broome, A. S. Patterson, R. W. Armstrong, E. B. Strathy, J. P. S. Costigane, J. McNeely, J. Coleman, G. May, C. Temple, D. B. Wright, D. T. Barber, J. Edmonds.

In addition R. Ricca, J. Goulding, J. Cosgrave, T. Gordon and W. B. Russell played well and showed considerable promise.

Taylor proved an excellent captain. He played a splendid game himself and set a very good example to the rest of the team.

Ellsworth, at quarter-back, deserves special mention for his plucky play and good judgment.

Broome, who captained the "Under Fourteen" team, played well in spite of injuries and worked hard throughout the season.

The tackling of the whole team was good, especially in the second game against the Model School. With only two old colours from last year we have no reason to be dissatisfied with our performances this year.

As is usual, we have followed with interest the doings of the Upper School and are especially proud of the success of the First Team. Many of us remember very vividly the time when Ault, Fleck, Carrick, McLennan, Beer and McMurtry were all playing on the Lower School team.

SOCCER

After Thanksgiving there comes a period in the life of the school when it is very hard to find any outdoor activities for the boys. This year, following the example of last fall, the Prefects picked Soccer teams and much fun is being derived from it. At this stage the schedule has not progressed far enough to be sure of the winners.

The indoor activities are numerous. Basketball teams have been organized, and the wrestling, boxing and fencing classes have commenced under the guidance of Mr. Chapman.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

Donald F. Cantley graduated in Arts from McGill last May, and G. Duncan Leckie and J. M. Easson in Commerce.

George M. Vogt obtained his Ph.D. at Harvard and with his essay on "Tolerance" won the Dexter Travelling Fellowship, which will entitle him to spend a year abroad.

Blake M. Wilson, '21, is in his fourth year Commerce at McGill.

James V. Russell, Charles E. Lewis, R. Joel Cameron, M. Tucker, Gerald U. Reed, '23, are at McGill.

William L. Easton, '23, is at Williams University, Williamstown, Mass.

F. M. Lyon, J. B. Moore, G. Snyder, G. de B. Robinson, A. E. Ashenhurst, W. S. Meek, R. H. Anderson, '23, are at Varsity.

G. E. Ganong '20, M. P. Dean '22, and D. A. MacLaren '23 are at the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Harold A. Cooch has been transferred to the Hamilton Branch of the Canadian Westinghouse Co.

John Moyle Duncan, B.A., Sc., Consulting Engineer, has now opened an office at 32 Church Street. He is a Specialist in Steam Power Plants, Central and District Heating Plants, and in problems of Fuel Economy.

E. M. Fisher is attending the Dental College.

Bruce B. King is playing on the Varsity first football team.

Schuyler V. Larkin, '18, has returned from British Honduras and has taken a position with the International Petroleum Co. of Toronto and is going to represent them in Talara, Peru, S.A.

Marshall Lauder called at the College on June 30th. He was on his way to Havana, Cuba, to take a position with the Standard Bank of Canada.

W. S. Leask, who is with the Algoma Steel Corporation at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., called at the School in October.

Archibald MacArthur has gone to Detroit to live.

Douglas G. McGregor has at last got in touch with the School.

For a long time we have not had his address. He is now living in Toronto and is with the McGregor Office Equipment Co., 715 Federal Building.

S. Gordon Robertson is now a house-master at the College.

Douglas Proudfoot paid us a visit on his way back to Detroit, where he is employed with Dodge Bros.

"Veggie" Scott paid a visit to the College during the summer, en route to China and Japan. We were all sorry to have missed seeing him.

Derwent Silvera also called during the summer vacation. Silvera is at present practising Law in Morant Bay, Jamaica. We were also sorry to have missed seeing Silvera.

Graham Towers is Manager of the Royal Bank, Havana, Cuba.

We are greatly indebted to J. E. H. (Pep) Paisley for having devoted so much of his time in coaching our first team.

MARRIAGES.

Gordon P. Alexander, on October 6th, 1923, to Miss Wilson, of Admiral Road.

Frank Bennett, on September 5th, 1923, to Miss Nina Crosbie, of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Kenneth T. Bernhard, on October 7th, 1923, to Miss Helen Beatrix Ellenor, of Buffalo, N.Y.

Charles Henry Boothe, on September 22nd, 1923, to Miss Clara Perry Watson.

Irving Huntly Christie, on October 9th, 1923, to Miss Francis Campbell Reaves.

John Stuart Clare, on September 26th, 1923, to Miss Marjorie Briscoe.

Ernest R. Cox, in September, 1923, to Miss Marjorie Campbell, of Toronto.

J. A. Fleming, on May 13th, 1923, to Miss Rogers, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Frederick Russell Grayson, on October 24th, 1923, to Miss Florence A. Walters, of Toronto.

Arthur P. Haywood, in October, 1923, to Miss Dorothy Bright Marsh, of Toronto.

Reid Hunter, in June, 1923, to Miss Isabelle Fielding, of Galt.

Wilfred C. James, on June 27th, 1923, to Miss Margaret Creelman.

Alfred B. Lindsay, in September, 1923, to Miss Nancy Van Driesen Morrison, of Toronto.

STUART MACKENZIE, on June 25th, 1923, to Miss Beulah Irene Shepherd.

CHARLES EDWARD NORRIS, on June 2nd, 1923, to Miss Caroline Grace Smith, of Winona, Ont.

ARTHUR SINCLAIR WATTERWORTH, on June 18th, 1923, to Miss Ruth Lee Stewart, of Shreneport, Louisiana.

FRANCIS HILTON WILKES, on October 10th, 1923, to Miss Victoria Louise Gooderham, of Toronto.

BIRTHS.

To MR. and MRS. J. MURRAY ANDERSON, on October 5th, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. W. T. BEATTY, on October 21st, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. FRED. W. BRYON, on August 11th, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. D. B. CARLYLE, on July 26th, 1923, three sons.

To MR. and MRS. GORDON DONLEY, on August 17th, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. GEORGE B. ELLIOT, on August 9th, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. GOLDWIN O. FLEMING, on June 22nd, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. R. J. E. GRAHAM, on September 14th, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. K. E. HAAS, on August 2nd, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. C. W. HAYWOOD, on August 25th, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. W. H. KELK, on September 13th, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. R. CECIL KILGOUR, on July 1st, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. CHARLES E. KILMER, on November 19th, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. DENTON MASSEY, on July 11th, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. F. L. MCCALLUM, on September 17th, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. J. DOUGLAS MCCARTER, on July 28th, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. D. C. MCKNIGHT, on August 21st, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. ALAN R. RAMSEY, on July 11th, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. CHARLES G. SHAW, on November 2nd, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. ADAM D. SPROAT, on July 17th, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. M. J. DE SHERBININ, on January 5th, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. CLARENCE WALLACE, on May 13th, 1923, a son.

OBITUARY.

It is with regret that the REVIEW records the death of "Geordie" Somerville's wife, after an illness of three months. In September, 1920, George Somerville was married to Miss Helen Matthews, and after three

years of very happy married life has been called upon to suffer deep sorrow. He is left with a little boy only a year old to mourn the loss of wife and mother. His old school, through the medium of the REVIEW, desires to record her very real sympathy with him in his days of stress.

DAVIDSON, JOHN B., was born on February 12th, 1903. He entered St. Andrew's College in January, 1916, going into Form III. He obtained his promotion each year with Honours and a General Proficiency Prize. In June, 1919, he obtained his Matriculation into McGill University, and entered Columbia University, New York, the following autumn.

In 1921 he was very seriously injured in a motor accident, and although he became better, it is doubtful if he ever fully recovered from the effects of his injuries.

At the close of his College year in 1923 he returned home to Edinburgh in a poor state of health, and was found to be suffering from aplastic anaemia. A short sojourn on the Continent having failed to bring him health, he returned home to Edinburgh and died on August 2nd, 1923.

While at St. Andrew's Jack Davidson took an interest in all the school activities. He won his Lower School Football and Cricket Colours, made the Third Football Team when he came over to the Upper School, and was a member of the Cadet Corps for several years.

Quiet and unassuming, yet always ready to take part in any school undertaking, and standing well up in all his Forms, he was deservedly popular. Many Old Boys will learn with regret that their old comrade has passed beyond after such a brief career.

THE OLD BOYS' SMOKER.

A smoking concert and social evening for Old Boys was held at the College on Friday, October 19th.

This is the first time an event of this nature has taken place, it being the outcome of a request made at the last annual Old Boys' dinner for a reunion on the eve of the S.A.C.-U.C.C. rugby match. The idea proved to be a good one and attracted Andreans to the number of well over a hundred.

The assembly hall on this occasion was converted into a scene of autumn colours and was furnished with numerous small tables. Upon entering, each guest had a card bearing his name attached to his lapel and was then directed to a table containing a supply of corn-cob pipes and tobacco. An orchestra was stationed at one end of the hall and a punch-bowl at the other.

After some time spent in meeting and greeting old friends the party divided into small groups for cards or gossip as the fancy moved. At the same time a programme of musical and other numbers was put on. The masters' quartet was encored again and again. Mr. Laidlaw gave violin selections, Mr. Cousland sang a solo and Guy Rutter sang some humorous songs. Mr. Findley temporarily disorganized the card games with his stock of funny stories, Mr. Harris contributed a dramatic poem and Frank Denton made a witty address. Between times the orchestra worked in a selection or two as best they could.

At eleven o'clock an excellent supper was served at the small tables under the direction of Mrs. Macdonald.

Dr. Macdonald, being called on for an address, gave a brief and interesting talk upon the proposed move of the school to Aurora. Enthusiastic applause greeted his announcement that Old Boy architects would be given the first chance to submit plans for the new buildings. He went on to state that he would be happy if all the contracts for building, materials, etc., could be handled by Old Boys.

A few toasts concluded the evening's entertainment.

The committee in charge is to be complimented upon their careful and complete arrangements for this event, the success of which undoubtedly warrants another being held in the not too distant future.

With thanks to our contemporaries:

Acta Ridleiana, Ridley College. Contributions are well written so perhaps you might have more good stories.

Albanian, St. Albans. Surely you could encourage more literary efforts from your boys so that sports would not fill the main place in your magazine.

Argus, Appleby School. Apparently you have no artists, which is unfortunate, since a few cuts would go a long way to brightening up your magazine. Lighter print for titles might ease the "heavy" impression.

Ashburian, Ashbury College. Contains some amusing reading.

Auditorium, Owen Sound Coll. Inst. You were wise in cutting down the long Form notes, and your new make-up, size and print is attractive.

Bishop's College Magazine. It is too bad your printer had no italics. Your French would have looked much better if not emphasized in heavy print.

Black and Red, University Military School. Certainly very military in character. We think you ought to make a larger feature of your literary section.

Blue and White, Rothesay Collegiate School. You should divide your magazine into sections. Stories, school notes and sports mixed together give a too haphazard effect.

Branksome Slogan. The *Slogan* is very well edited and arranged. Some of the drawings are excellent.

Cherry and White, Williamsport High School. Is a very attractive monthly magazine.

Canadian Academy Annual, Japan. This magazine contains more literary material than any of its size and much of it is very well written.

College News, Siam. An interesting exchange.

College Times, Upper Canada College. Your magazine serves well in expressing the spirit of your school.

Grove Chronicle, Lakefield. We are glad to have you on our exchange list. Your magazine is unique in containing no advertisements.

Glasgow Academy Chronicle. Truly a "chronicle" of school events with few additions, but very tastefully arranged and written.

Hermes, Saskatoon Coll. Insts. Your interesting magazine should have as its editorial policy the object of uniting as closely as possible the two schools.

High School Citizen, Dunkirk, U.S.A. A very compact but newsy monthly.

Parkdalian, Parkdale Coll. Inst. Thank you for your kind wishes. Your exchange is welcome. It is unusual to see a High School monthly with so attractive a make-up.

St. Peter's College Magazine, Australia. We assure you our criticism of your lack of humour was no spite. We had not read your late editor's remarks, but we are glad to see you took ours in the true spirit of the exchanges. We envy you your poets. The House News is the least interesting part of a good magazine.

Screech Owl, Bowmanville High School. A very creditable magazine for a two year old. You will notice among your exchanges that the double column page is not as popular as the full page, although it allows smaller print.

Tallow Dip, Netherwood. Quite as attractive as ever.

Vox Lycei, Ottawa Collegiate Institute. A complete magazine with an amusing cover, but we can't help repeating that we do not like to see advertisements amongst the articles.

Windsorian, King's College School. It seems that you ought to encourage more of your students to write articles for you. The style of your regular items is very good.

Wykehamist, Winchester School. We are anxious to develop an English exchange list and accordingly welcome your magazine.

We are always glad to have:

Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University.

Argosy, Mt. Allison University.

Gateway, University of Alberta.

Loyola College Review.

Macdonald College Magazine.

McGill Daily.

University of Toronto Monthly.

W. A. B.

LOWER SCHOOL NOTES.

At the beginning of this term we received 17 newcomers into the fold. However, they became assimilated very quickly, and now a slight freshness is the only new thing about them.

We also welcome Miss DeVigne very heartily; she is already great friends with everyone, especially with the younger boys.

One of the social events of the term was the Hallowe'en party presided over by Mrs. Macdonald and Miss DeVigne. Study stopped early—and all proceeded to the dining-room, which was suitably decorated with leering pumpkins. Games and "eats" were indulged in: at the former "Ned" Sinclair distinguished himself, and in spite of the stout competition "Bill" Sinclair and Johnston II must be classed as outstanding performers at the latter.

While the football season in the Lower School was not brilliant, yet there were some very satisfactory features: the play of Taylor was one; that of Broome another; Goulding and May showed distinct promise.

On the whole both teams did very well considering their extreme youthfulness and lightness.

Of course, we missed James; his reversed plunge might often have turned the tide of victory in our favour.

Just now Soccer is claiming our chief attention. A league has been formed, composed of six teams, captained by Ellsworth, Armstrong, Taylor, Coleman, McNeill and Broome. They are very evenly matched. At present Taylor is in the lead, because his team attempts some combination. However, Ellsworth's will probably give them a very close race.

But it must not be forgotten that Bascom is on McNeill's team.

Coleman is to be congratulated on being the first Lower School boarder in the Junior Cross-Country; he ran a very close second to Heggie. Macdonald V and Sinclair II also ran well.

As usual, cake-winners achieved a devastating popularity.

We are already thinking of hockey a little. Ellsworth and Armstrong are the only old colours, but Broome should prove an acquisition and Edmonds showed promise last year.

Cosgrave may not be quite so effective, not being as wide as he was last year.

It is rumoured that Valentine and Cameron II are going to take their Comic Boxing Show to the vaudeville stage.

"The Midnight Alarm"—Macaulay.

Thomas and Sanders were found weeping the other day; it appears they had lost their cakes of soap.

"Dimples"—Davis.

Riding is very much to the fore in the Lower School this term. Applegath is developing quite a "horsey" expression.

Parker says he thinks he will enter for the Royal Winter Fair—as a trick rider.

We don't miss Carrick II nearly as much as we thought we would; only it's Coleman and his violin now.

Then James and McNeely are carrying on Lower North traditions very well. They remind us so much of Gentles and Gus McLennan.

SKITS, CHRISTMAS 1923

Marshall, riding with lady friend: Let's take the bridle path.
L.F.: Oh, Noel, this is so sudden.

Cochrane's Philosophy: Some nuts may be hard to crack, but just try and break some dates.

Dunlap: What did you do this afternoon, Fat?
Graham: I slept all afternoon.
Dunlap: I thought you took Science.
Graham: So I do.

Mr. Fleming: I asked you this question two years ago in the fourth form and you gave the correct answer. Now I ask the same question in Lower VI and you cannot answer. What's the reason?
Robertson I: Well, sir, since then I have been through the fifth.

We hear that Mr. Chapman was caught speeding the other day while driving with a boy to whom he had given a lift. When in court the judge inquired their names. Mr. Chapman spoke up saying: "I am Mr. Ernest Chapman of St. Andrew's College." The judge said: "You stand over here." He then asked the boy his name. The boy heaved a sigh, looked at Mr. Chapman, and said: "Gee, I can't go back on my pal. I'm the Archbishop of Canterbury."

McTaggart (also his friends) will be greatly gratified to hear that a new Aerial Mail Service will be inaugurated between Detroit and Toronto on January 1st.

Mr. Cousland (walking upstairs with Wise talking re riding): "Is your grip improving, Wise?"

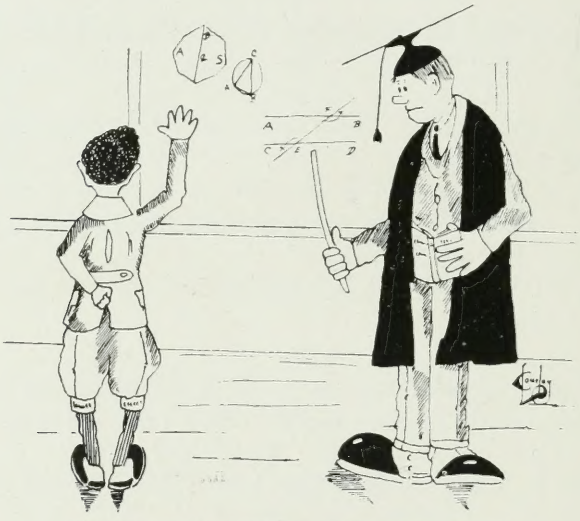
Wise: "Well, sir, I had a slight cold this morning but it is better now, thank you."

One of our horses to himself as he throws Fleck: "The bigger they are the harder they fall."

Stump Robertson, after argument: Do you think you will ever learn to love me?

Lady Friend: Sorry, Stump, I'm afraid not.

Stump, sighing: Just as I thought; too old to learn.



Mr. Fleming: "Where is the poly-gon?"
Ault: "Up the geome-try."

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

G. B. and Beer often go out together on a week-end.

We hope Broome will make a clean sweep of it in the future.

There has been quite a little parley about the fact that some of our boarders, who have joined a Bible Class, get a night off during the week. We must look into this as it is the latest leave stunt; also we have some suspicions as to the class when we hear that Marshall and Murchison are members. Yea, school, we have our suspicions.

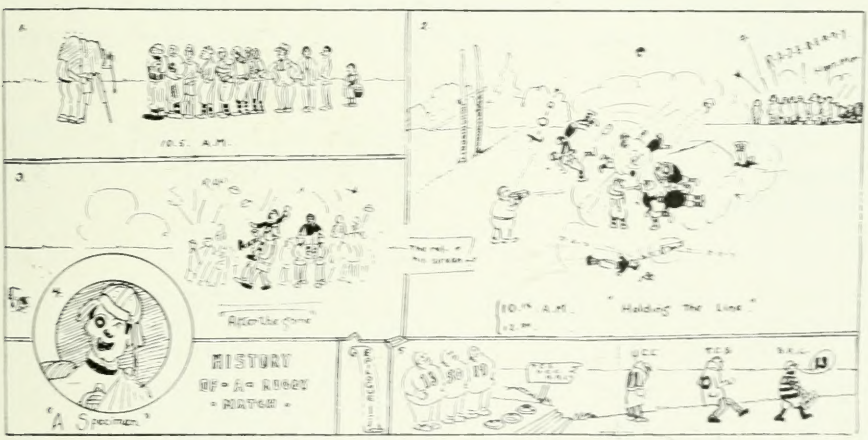
We would suggest that our Prefects practise taking up the collection in chapel and walking up the aisle in step.

McTaggart claims that Lentz is such a liar that he has to get somebody else to call his dog to dinner.

The Players' Club suggests that now that the football season is over our Prefects should carry bells so as to let the "Union" have a restful peace of mind.

Some of our visitors are surprised that we should look up to Beer with such respect, especially as there is prohibition in this province.

It has been mentioned by some mechanical brain that Fleck was the monkey-wrench in Ridley's "well-oiled machine."



Some sweet thing over in the Lacrosse Grounds said that Ches Crosbie had a kind face. We think it must be the funny kind.

Branksome apparently has improved this year according to the critics here. We assume it must be the influence of the forty-eight new girls.

Why girls leave home is attributed to the fact that Oscar Lentz calls on so many.

We should advise some of the sheiks to have 'phones installed in their rooms and thus avoid a lot of inconvenience to themselves and the rest of the boys.

We wonder when Don first saw the light of Day.

Just because Rudolph Valentino made a hit here last winter is no reason why Wood should try and teach the tango at pink-teas.

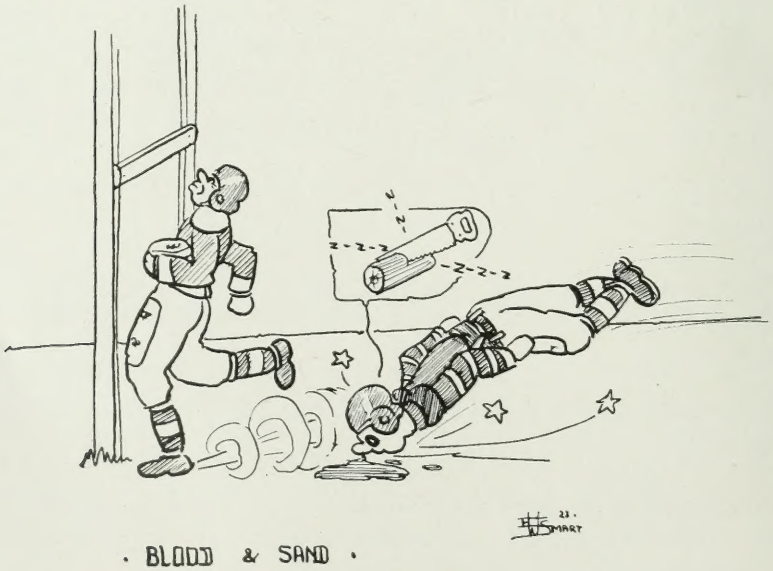
Murchison may shoot the bull around here but he certainly hauled it around Ridley.

"Pride goeth before a fall," murmured Cochrane as he fell out of a box at Lowe's Theatre on Thanksgiving Day.

Dyment: Have you seen Alec?
Kirkland: Alec? Alec who?
Dyment: Why electricity.

"Stuffy" Mueller, that good-looking guy, as somebody remarked over in the Rosedale grounds, has decided to go on the stage instead of joining Filmworld.

Rennie took Walmsley out to Agincourt and found that John was so dumb that he thought *The Saturday Evening Post* was something to hitch horses to.



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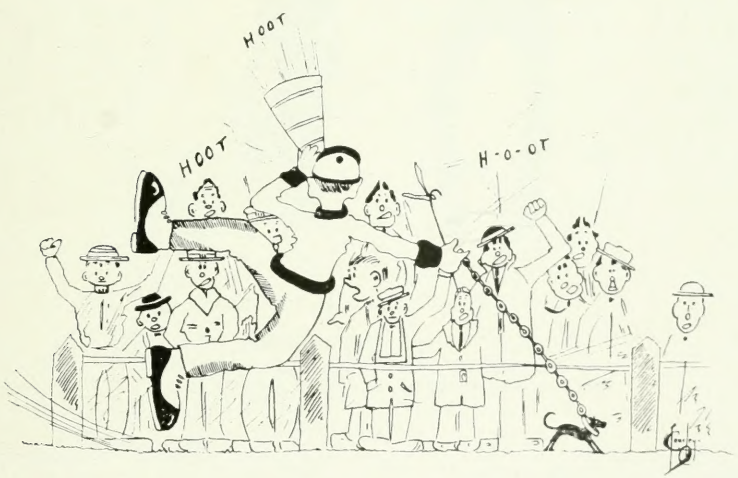
The Midnight Rose.....Belton Cochrane.
No, No, Nora.....Teddy McMurtry.
My Sweetie Went Away.....Nurse Myers.
My Wonderful One.....Don. Carrick.
Oh! Sister, Ain't That Hot.....Bob. Huffman.
Last Night On The Back Porch.....Sport Hambly.
Oh! Gee, Oh! Gosh, Oh! Golly, etc.....D'Arcy Palmer.
Dreamy Melody.....Tom Aspden.
Wet Yo' Thumb.....''Chick Evans'' Brunt.
Waiting for The Evening Mail.....Billy Murchison.
Loose Feet.....Ches. Crosbie.
My Mama Knows.....Cornell.



''Willie at Ridley''

Boxing goes on in a square, yet it is decided by rounds.

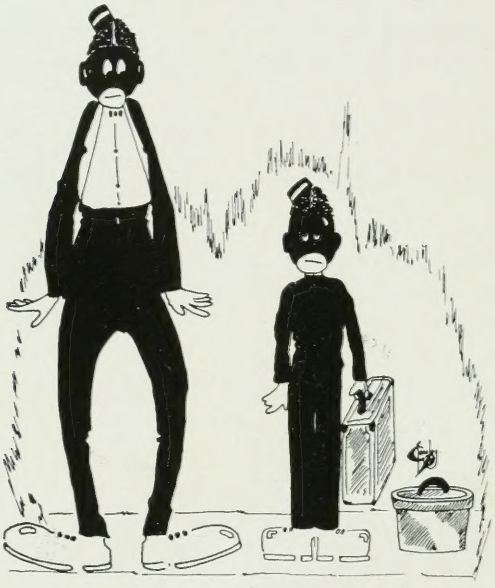
What goes on the foot of Yonge St. is still a mystery.

Mr. Ramsay, in the inside study as the bell goes for Chapel: ''Wake up, boys. Time to go downstairs.''

Awan K. Kameron the last of the Kidney Klan.

THINGS WE CAN'T IMAGINE.

Birkett willing to chip in and do his bit.
"Stump" Robertson without his week-end.
McTaggart without a complaint at meals.
G.B.'s thoughts when the phone is out of order.
Meals without Beer.



First Bellboy: "Say boss, I runs like lightnin'."
Second Bellboy: "Dat's nothin' Sam. Ah run so fast dat Ah has to pack ice 'round mah ankles to keep 'em from meltin'."

Studious McLennan talking out in Science period.
"Sodium looks like a sardine fellow-sufferer."
"That's a fish story."
Master: "Who said that?"
Voice from the rear: "Fisher."

We all have our college yells,
Some of them are quite nifty,
But here is one that is the best,
"Dad, please wire me fifty."

E. F.

To Gain ringing recess bell 10 minutes early. We hope he will do it again, for his loss is our gain.

Mi**L**ler
Wh**I**te
Aul**T**
McTaggar**T**
Kirk**L**and
Be**E**r

Ham**B**ly
Wh**I**te
McTa**G**gart

Fleck
Cr**O**sbie
A**U**lt
Russell

Carrick
Hall
P**A**ul
McMurtry
Hoo**P**s
Baldw**I**n
Cr**O**sbie
McLen**N**an
Scott

LATEST FICTION.

The Banner of the Bull ..... The detention Sheet.
A Study in Scarlet ..... Robertson I giving speech.
The Valley of Fear ..... Dr. Macdonald's Office.
The Kingdom of the Blind ..... Examinations.
Montezuma's Daughter ..... Crowe.
Tales of Terror and Mystery ..... Leave Yarns.
The Pillar of Light ..... Brunt's Bureau.
The Gates of Doom ..... S.A.C. front entrance.
The Amateur Gentleman ..... Crosbie.

McMurtry says he has never been pinched for speeding but we know he has been slapped for going too fast.

Chanonhouse, as car speeds by: "I'll bet that's a bootlegger."
Miller I: "Get away, that's a Willys-Knight."

Mr. Palmer: "So you don't believe Santa Claus drives his reindeers over the snow?"
Coleman: "No, sir."
Mr. Palmer: "You're from Missouri, eh?"
Coleman: "No, sir, India."

Mr. Cousland: Give for one year, the number of tons of coal shipped out of Canada.
Turnbull: 1498, None, sir.

What's a lucky number?
Any one that you get over the phone.

Who is this person Action everybody strips for?

Scott I: Do you believe in love at first sight?
Crosbie: Not if I can get another look.

Falconer: The engine seems to be missing.
Chalmers: That's all right, it doesn't show.

Carrick: I got a birdie on the last hole.
Birkett: That's too bad; did you kill it outright?

How would you classify the telephone girl? Is her's a business or a profession?
Neither, a calling.

THE WORDS OF A GREAT ATHLETE

Tom Aspden coming in last in the Senior Cross Country. The rest will soon follow!

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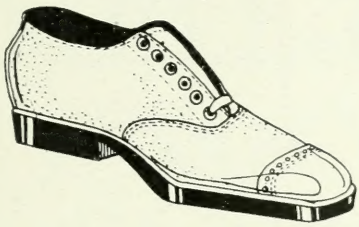

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